The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December Bookman, our Special Christmas Number, will contain all the usual features, including Four Illustrated Supplements, many plates in colour and black-and-white, and a series of photogravure portraits of British, Canadian, Australasian and American Soldier Poets. As, owing to war conditions, the edition will be limited, orders for this Number should be placed without delay.

Messrs. Methuen have in preparation a new volume of poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Two other books of poems which they will publish this month are "Hearts Courageous" by John Oxenham, and "The Cockpit of Idols" by Muriel Stuart, who made a considerable reputation with her first book, "Christ at Carnival," two years ago.

"Edward Jerningham and His Friends," edited by Lewis Bettany, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have in the press, contains a number of interesting and mostly unpublished letters from Burke, Walpole, and other eighteenth-century politicians, poets and society leaders who were among the friends and correspondents of Edward Jerningham, himself a minor poet and a prominent social figure in his day.

Sir Henry Lunn has written his reminiscences, which will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell under the title of "Chapters From My Life."

"For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock, will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It tells of forty-four such poets and reveals from their poems and letters something of their personalities and the ideal for which they fought and died. The book will be illustrated with twenty portraits in photogravure.

"The Rubbish Heap," which Messrs. Putnam have just published, is the first novel by Rita that has appeared since 1916. Its scenes are laid at Bournemouth and Poole.

A new book by Mr. W.H. Koebel, "South America: An Industrial and Commercial Field," will be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Father Nicholai Velimirovitch, of the Monastery of Calenic, is chaplain to the King of Serbia, and

professor of theology at the College of St. Sava, Belgrade. While the Serbian Government was at Nisch, Father Nicholai was sent on a mission to the United States, and he is now in England in charge of the Serbian Information Bureau. He is one of those who look after the welfare of the Serbian boys who, to the number of three hundred and seventy, are being educated in England and Scotland for various professions, including the priesthood. Father Nicholai is an authority on Serbian folk-songs, and has arranged the book on the architecture of the Serbian Orthodox Church which has been published by Mr. John Murray, and is reviewed in the Supplement to this Number. His brochure, "The Lord's Prayer: A Devout Interpretation," with a foreword by the Archbishop of York, was published by The Challenge, Limited, a few months ago, and is now in its third edition.

Father Nicholai Velimirovitch.

The "Last Poems" of Edward Thomas will be published shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, who have also almost ready "Memories of Childhood, and Other Poems," by John Freeman; "War Lyrics," by Morley Roberts; and "A Miscellany of New Verse," by Edward Thomas, W. H. Davies, John Freeman, Vivian Loch Ellis, and other authors.

Mr. E: S. P. Haynes, whose new volume of essays, "Personalia," Messrs. Selwyn & Blount are also publishing, is a member of an old-established firm of London solicitors, and has written much on legal matters in the *Fortnightly Review* and other periodicals, but is better known to literary readers for the admirable essays in his "Standards of Taste in Art" and "Early Victorian and Other Papers."

The Rev. Arnold Hill Payne, whose remarkable novel, "King Silence" (Jarrold), is reviewed in this Number, was born and brought up in a school for the deaf and has put much personal experience into his story, nearly all its characters being deaf mutes. Mr. Payne has served as chaplain to various Missions and Societies for the Deaf and Dumb, and since 1914 has been chaplain of the Norwich and St. Edmondsbury and Ipswich Diocesan Mission to the Deaf.

Mr. Charles Harrison, who was for twenty-one years publisher of the *Strand Magazine*, sends us the following appreciation of the late Mr. William Henry James Boot, R.I.: "By the death of W. H. J. Boot, which took place at his home in Hampstead last month, illustrated periodical literature loses one of its greatest ornaments and the art world a fine and admired practitioner in water-colour painting. Mr. Boot was born at Nottingham on June 14th, 1848, and studied at the Derby School of Art. When he came to London the demand for black-and-white work was keen, and he soon made his mark. For many years he was incessantly engaged in illustrating the numerous splendid books issued from the firm of Cassell. By his work in landscape and architecture he deservedly won a unique reputation and his long connection with the Belle Sauvage Press may be said to have laid the foundation of his fortune and his fame. His views, whether of river or mountain scenery, or the streets of a town or a noble cathedral, were marked by beauty, accuracy and grace, and he had the knack of introducing bright and effective foregrounds which almost gave his drawings a hall-mark. In 1890 when Sir (then Mr.) George Newnes contemplated starting the *Strand Magazine* he selected Mr. Boot for his art editor, and his choice was speedily justified. Mr. Boot filled his responsible position with rare ability until 1910, when he decided to lay aside the cares of office. Devoted as he was to black-and-white, he never neglected his colour work, and exhibited at the Royal Academy regularly between 1874 and 1884 and occasionally afterwards. He was also a constant contributor to the shows of the Royal Society of British Artists, of which he was Vice-President for nearly twenty years, and the Royal Institute. His pictures sold well up to the last, and will probably hold their place in the auction-room. W. H. J. Boot was a man of lovable disposition, by no means averse from the charms of

Photo by Cyril Stedmore, Taunton. **Miss F. E. Mills Young,**
whose brilliant new novel, "Beatrice Ashleigh," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published.

Bohemia. By a pathetic coincidence his son Ernest, who had been a prisoner in Germany ever since the outbreak of the great war, arrived home only in time to see his father breathe his last."

A new volume of poems by Mr. Laurence Binyon, "The New World," will be published this autumn by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who published the three other collections of Mr. Binyon's war poems.

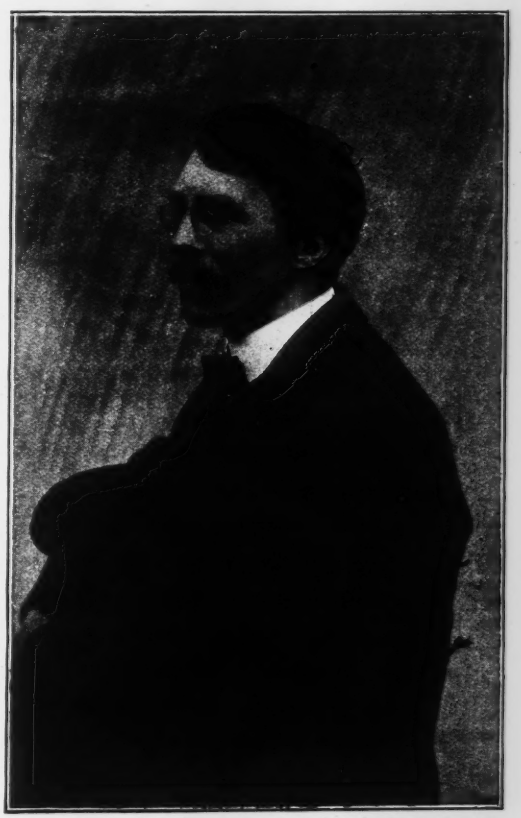
Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing also a new edition of Lord Dunsany's first book, "The Gods of Pegana," with Sime's illustrations; "Songs of the Ridings," a book of original poems in the Yorkshire dialect by F. W. Moorman, whose "Yorkshire Dialect Poems: 1673–1915," was published last year; and an unaltered reprint of John Addington Symonds's essays, "In the Key of Blue"—which has been out of print and a rare and much sought after volume for the last twenty years.

The late Mr. A. H. Turnbull, who made a hobby of collecting books and documents bearing on New Zealand, and is believed to have had the finest collection of the kind in existence, has bequeathed his great library to the nation, desiring that it should constitute a reference library for Wellington. His collection of books on early New Zealand is unique, as too are his portfolios of prints and sketches dealing with the genesis of the Colony; and his ships' logs dating back to the voyages of Captain Cook are of incalculable historical value. In order to house his treasures adequately, shortly before his death Mr. Turnbull built a special brick residence, one half of which is taken up by the library.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing this month a volume of poems by Miss Sybil Bristowe, for which Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written a preface.

"English Fairy Tales," retold by Flora Annie Steel, and illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham, will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan, who are also publishing "Literary Recreations," a volume of essays by Sir Edward Cook; "On Society," a series of studies by Frederic Harrison; "Essays in War Time," by Viscount Bryce; "The Candle of Vision," by A. E.; and the second volume of Mr. Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel."

Sir J. M. Barrie's new book, "Echoes of War," will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. They have also ready for immediate publication Sapper's new war novel, "The Human Touch," and "Camilla," a new novel by Elizabeth



Mr. Alfred Dodd,
whose striking book of poems, "The Ballad of the Iron Cross," Mr. Erskine Macdonald has published.

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Robins; "Viscount Northcliffe: Some Pages of His Story," by Max Pemberton; "The Romance of the Red Triangle," by Sir Arthur K. Yapp; and "The Father of the Red Triangle," the life-story of George Williams, the founder of the Y.M.C.A., by J. E. Hodder Williams.

An admirable study of the Russian Revolution, "From Autocracy to Bolshevism," by Baron P. Graevenitz, is published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

"A Poem and Two Plays," by John Masefield, is announced by Mr. Heinemann, who also has almost ready for publication "Another Sheaf," a new volume of essays by John Galsworthy.

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson's series of studies, "The Women Novelists," will be published this month by Messrs. Collins.

One of the most gifted of the soldier poets who have fallen in the war was Corporal Alexander Robertson. He was a brilliant scholar in History and lecturer on that subject at the University of Sheffield. His first book of verse, "Comrades," has gone into its third edition, and Mr. Elkin Mathews who published that, is publishing immediately a further collection, the "Last Poems," of the verses written by Alexander Robertson while he was on active service.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly the Reminiscences of Ambassador Morganthau, who was American Ambassador at Constantinople during the fateful years 1913–1916.

A unique collection of Canadian folk-stories has been brought together by Captain Cyrus Macmillan in "Canadian Wonder Tales," which Mr. John Lane is publishing. Before the war, Captain Macmillan was Professor of English at McGill University; he is now an officer in the McGill contingent of the Canadian Field Artillery.

"The Course of My Ship," a new novel written by Gertrude Page in collaboration with R. A. Foster-Mellior, will be published early this month by Messrs. Cassell.

The late Earl Brassey had a good habit of extracting from books, in the course of his wide reading, passages concerning celebrated people, military and political. An anthology of these will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray, under the title of "Warriors and Statesmen."

Cassells are publishing forthwith Mrs. Arnold-Forster's revised edition of her husband's well-known "History of England." The chapters dealing with the Victorian Age have been greatly extended, and others have been added, bringing the record down to our own times.

An important new war book which Mr. Heinemann is publishing, "Belgium under German Occupation," is the personal narrative of Brand Whitlock, who was the U.S. Minister to Belgium.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

WARD MUIR.

A WRITER who has the nerve to send a humorous article to the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* is entitled to the envy of his friends, but a writer who actually succeeds in inducing that editor to print it and advertise it along with the lucubrations of the elect must not complain if he becomes a remunerative subject for needy paragraph writers. After all it is a great achievement, and one's curiosity is naturally aroused to discover what manner of man this is. A great deal is explained by the fact that Mr. Ward Muir is a son of the Manse. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Liverpool. The declining influence of the Church is exercising the minds of most thoughtful men in Europe, we are told. The question lies beyond our immediate scope, but I do seriously draw attention to one point which may be overlooked. If the whole Christian Church eventually fails to attract to it men of character and culture to carry on its work, we shall be faced with a great dearth of leaders in every important walk of life. For some time I have amused myself by reading obituary notices and articles and paragraphs on the successful climbers in our midst, and noting the scores of them who hail from manses up and down the country. The reasons are not far to seek, but the subject lends itself (perhaps Mr. Ward Muir would say) more to the *Nineteenth Century*!

As far as I know, Mr. Ward Muir was never inclined to follow in his father's footsteps, though I should not be surprised if he did follow in Ruskin's steps and at a tender age preach to his mother and nurse from a drawing-room chairback on the simple and everlasting theme, "Be good." But there is no reliable record

of this fact extant. He is said, however, to have written a book which was privately printed (what vanity!) when his experience of this world only covered seven years. This is not yet to be found in the British Museum, I am afraid, but I am quite sure that an examination of its contents would reveal an exceptionally well-developed faculty of observation. I do not think Ward Muir is desperately anxious to conquer the world, but he is unquestionably bent on seeing it. Through rather melancholy circumstances he had this wish gratified very early in life. He broke down in health just after matriculating at Liverpool University, and was ordered to Davos. Now, to go back to the Manse for a moment. If Mr. Muir's father had been a cotton king or a shipping magnate he would doubtless have allowed his delicate son a handsome income, but in every probability he was only able to endow him with a vigorous mind and a sound education. At Davos, therefore, Ward Muir started writing yarns for boys. What is more he succeeded in selling them. At Davos also there happened to be sojourning one of those men who make and mar careers—an editor of some Northcliffe papers. Subsequently Ward Muir found himself ensconced in Carmelite House, and was immersed in the women's papers there. Heaven only knows how many pseudonyms he must have adopted here, but I believe his nerve deserted him when it came to the fashion hints. In a novel published by Stanley Paul entitled "Cupid's Caterers," he who runs may read of those episodes in Mr. Muir's life. There are other novels (which I confess I have not read yet) which have come from the same source, "The Amazing Mutes" and "When We are Rich." They did not make their author's fortune. Doubtless they yet will in the uniform edition of Ward Muir's works which will be the pride of every book lover. But Ward Muir is still young, young enough to be affected by the war even in its first stages. After trying the regular office routine of Carmelite House, Ward Muir broke down again, and he settled in London at the age of twenty-three as a free-lance journalist, and had the satisfaction of leaving it frequently for reasons of his health. On these multifarious expeditions he covered all Europe except Scandinavia and the Balkans and just looked in on Egypt and America.

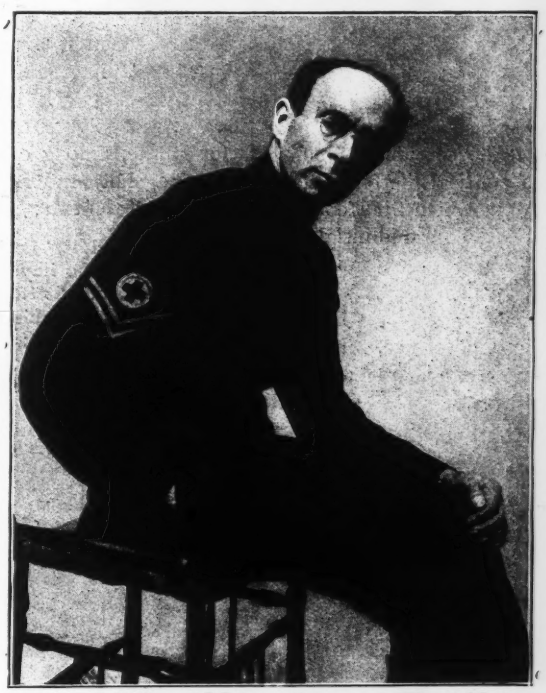


Photo by F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S. **Corporal Ward Muir.**

Most of us wait till the autumn of life to pen our reminiscences. Not so Mr. Ward Muir. I have before me as I write some chapters which Mr. Muir is contributing to the *Amateur Photographer* and *Photography* entitled "Photographic Days." The camera has always been a good friend to Ward Muir. He tells us in these autobiographical chapters that a well-known figure in Edinburgh, a certain Rev. Dr. S—— (notice again the influence of the Manse), gave him his first camera. Ward Muir is a really expert photographer, and is one of the very few men who have succeeded in writing interestingly about photography. I am inclined to think that he ought to have been taken over by the Government on the outbreak of war as one of the official photographers. He would have enjoyed every moment of it and the experiences would have given him endless material. One of the best things I ever read was a series of articles illustrated by his own photographs of his trips in an airship down in the West of England. He is a man with a delicate organism, but he related to me with tremendous gusto how he got lost in a fog in one of these airships, and nearly came to grief. The crew were perspiring freely. Ward Muir was merely making notes.

Like so many of his contemporaries, Ward Muir really got his chance when war broke out. He has told us in his books of his valiant attempts to wear the King's uniform, and of his repeated rebuffs at the hands of unsympathetic recruiting officers. Eventually, however, he became a corporal in the R.A.M.C. and was stationed at the 3rd London General Hospital at Wandsworth. As so often happens, the idea of a hospital magazine was mooted, and the ideal man for conducting it was there on the spot. The result was an admirable publication called "Happy Though Wounded" which was sold out immediately it appeared on the bookstalls. Since then Ward Muir (or I should say Corporal Ward Muir, R.A.M.C.) has written two very charming books, "The Happy Hospital" and "Observations of an Orderly." Both books have had a great sale. The copies I had have enjoyed a steady circulation and are still going the rounds of the folks who drop in on me and descend upon my little store of books like locusts. Far be it from me to utter one single word in defence of the unspeakable habit of reading aloud. At the same time, it is a great tribute to Ward Muir to say that his whimsical style of writing does somehow make one itch to declaim; I have heard it done, and although usually one lovingly fondles the fire-irons, I confess to enjoying the experience. These hospital books of Ward Muir's are making his name. Given his health (and perhaps a wee bit more ambition) and that library edition jestingly spoken of will mature. At the present moment he is wandering about on the Italian front, "under official auspices" I imagine. I am sorry for the officials.

Ivor Nicholson.

XUM

THE READER.

PRESIDENT WILSON AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By Frederic Whyte.

IT is a quaint reflection that but for the chance reading of an article from the pen of an English journalist—at the time obscure though famous later as "Toby, M.P." of *Punch*—the name of Woodrow Wilson might never have attained eminence either in the world of politics or in the world of books. The future President of the United States was a youth of twenty-one, intellectual and alert, but with no decided bent of mind, when, in 1877, at Princeton (the College of New Jersey as it was then called) he happened upon a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, containing one of those vivid pictures of English political life entitled "Men and Manner in Parliament" in which Sir Henry Lucy gave a foretaste of the wit and humour and insight into character that were to become so pleasantly familiar in his subsequent writings. The young Princetonian was fascinated by what he read and at once set himself in earnest to the study of political science. How thoroughly he worked during the next two years may be seen by anyone who will look at his first published effort, a really striking essay on "Cabinet Government in the United States," to be found in the *International Review* for August, 1879.

Of course he might quite conceivably have found similar inspiration elsewhere. He might or he might not. At all events, there was nothing much in his antecedents to point to a literary or political career. Either the pulpit or the bench would have seemed a likelier fate for him. His father and his mother's father were Presbyterian ministers and it may well have been expected that he would follow in their footsteps. It is probable that he himself already thought vaguely of the law. Had his eye not been caught by that stray volume of the old-fashioned English magazine, the Woodrow Wilson of to-day, one is disposed to believe, would be enjoying a less brilliant fame and a very much quieter life as one of America's most enlightened preachers or most just judges.

He did actually start life as a lawyer, in which capacity he spent a year or two at Atlanta in partnership with a friend, but politics and literature had got into his blood and in 1883, at John Hopkins University, he began that professorial career which was to qualify him so completely and in so unusual a way for his great destiny. It was in 1890 that the earnest and strenuous young professor was offered the Chair of Jurisprudence and Politics at his own Princeton, and this post he held until 1902 when he became its President. During those Princeton years he accomplished most of his literary work. His first book, "Congressional Government," alluded to appreciatively in the Preface to Bryce's "American Commonwealth," had appeared in 1884, and had been followed in 1889 by a more important volume, "The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics"; but the writings by which he is best known were the products of Princeton: "Division and Reunion," "An Old Master, and Other Political Essays," "Mere Literature, and Other Essays," "George Washington," and last, but most noteworthy of all, in 1902, the five volumes of his "History of the American People."

"Mere Literature" stands out from among these as the volume in which Mr. Wilson goes furthest in self-revelation. It is the book of a real book-lover, a little *maniéré* and precious in its language, but written very evidently *con amore*. It is largely a record of predilections. Among figures of the past his greatest enthusiasm is for Burke, among contemporaries his keenest relish is for Bagehot, and he enjoys dwelling on the idiosyncracies of the two:

> "Walter Bagehot," he writes, "is a name known to not a few of those who have a zest for the juiciest things of literature, for the wit that illuminates and the knowledge that refreshes. But his fame is still singularly disproportioned to his charm; and one feels once and again like publishing him at least to all spirits of his own kind. It would be a most agreeable good fortune to introduce Bagehot to men who have not read him!"

Let us help Mr. Wilson to do so. Even among readers of The Bookman there are doubtless some to whom Walter Bagehot is still only a name:

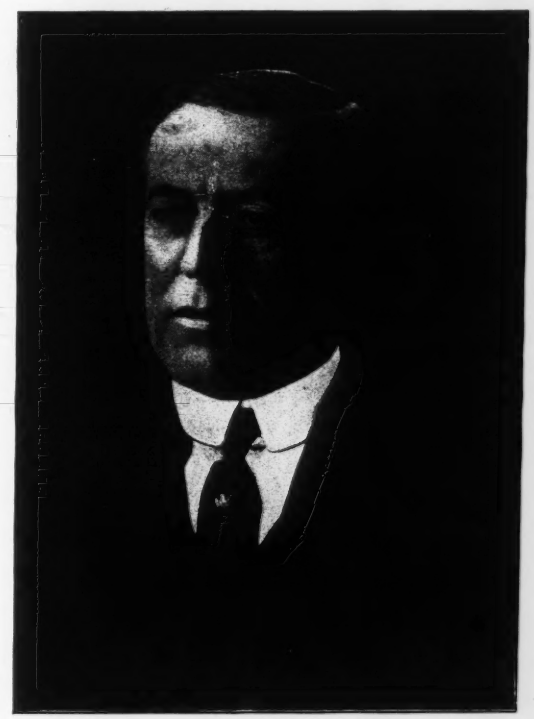
> "Occasionally," he continues, "a man is born into the world whose mission it evidently is to clarify the thought of his generation and to vivify it; to give it speed where it is slow, vision where it is blind, balance where it is out of poise, saving humour where it is dry—and such a man was Walter Bagehot. When he wrote of history he made it seem human and probable; when he wrote of political economy he made it seem credible, entertaining—nay engaging, even; when he wrote criticism he wrote sense. You have in him a man who can jest to your instruction, who will beguile you into being informed beyond your wont and wise beyond your birthright. Full of manly, straightforward meaning, earnest to find the facts that guide and strengthen conduct, a lover of good men and seers, full of knowledge and a consuming desire for it, he is yet genial withal, with the geniality of a man of wit, and alive in every fibre of him with a life he can communicate to you. One is constrained to agree, almost, with the verdict of a witty countryman of his, who happily still lives to cheer us, that when Bagehot died he 'carried away into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three estates of the Realm.'"

But Bagehot, he recognises, had his limitations, and you realise them if you know your Burke. "You miss the deep eloquence which awakens purpose." There is a still deeper lack in him: "He has no sympathy with 'the mass of unknown men.' He conceives the work of government to be a work which is possible only to the instructed few. He would have the mass served and served with devotion, but he would not trouble to see them attempt to serve themselves. He has not the stout fibre and the unquestioning faith in the right and capacity of inorganic majorities which make the democrat."

The essay on Burke, "The Interpreter of English

Liberty," is perhaps the most interesting and most noteworthy in the volume. There are many things in it which one is tempted to transcribe, but I must content myself with a single passage, a commentary upon Burke's attitude towards the French Revolution—recent great events lend it an extraneous interest :

" Let us admit, if you will, that with reference to France herself he was mistaken. Let us say that when he admired the institutions which she was then sweeping away he was yielding to sentiment and imagining France as perfect as the beauty of that sweet queen he had seen in her radiant youth. Let us concede that he did not understand the condition of France and therefore did not see how inevitable that terrible revolution was : that in this case too the wages of sin was death. He was not defending France, if you look to the bottom of it ; he was defending England :—and the things he hated are truly hateful. He hated the French revolutionary philosophy and deemed it unfit for free men. And that philosophy is in fact radically evil and corrupting. No state can ever be conducted on its principles. For it holds that government is a matter of contract and deliberate arrangement, whereas in fact it is an institute of habit, bound together by innumerable threads of association, scarcely one of which has been deliberately placed. It holds that the object of government is liberty, whereas the true object of government is justice ; not the advantage of one class even though that class constitute the majority, but right equity in the adjustment of the interests of all classes. It assumes that government can be made over at will, but assumes it without the slightest historical foundation. For governments have never been successfully and permanently changed except by slow modification operating from generation to generation. It contradicted every principle that had been so laboriously brought to light in the slow stages of the growth of liberty in the only land in which liberty had then grown to great proportions. The history of England is a continuous thesis against revolution ; and Burke would have been no true Englishman had he not roused himself, even fanatically, if there were need, to keep such puerile doctrine out."



President Wilson.

Of Burke Mr. Wilson never tires. Allusions to him recur frequently in the President's other volumes as in the different chapters of this particular book. Here, from an essay on literary style, is a characteristic passage in which the great name is again invoked :

" Who shall say how much of Burke's splendid and impressive imagery is part and stuff of his thought, or tell why even that part of Newman's prose which is devoid of ornament, stripped to its shining skin and running bare and lithe and athletic to carry its tidings to men, should promise to enjoy as certain an immortality ? Why should Lamb go so quaintly and elaborately to work upon his critical essays, taking care to perfume every sentence if possible with the fine savour of an old phrase, if the same business could be as effectively done in the plain and even cadences of Matthew Arnold's prose ? Why should Gibbon be so formal, so stately, so elaborate, when he had before his eyes the example of great Tacitus, whose direct, sententious style had outlived by so many hundred years the very language in which he wrote ? In poetry who shall measure the varieties of style lavished upon similar themes ? The matter of vital thought is not separable from the thinker ; its forms must suit his handling as well as fit his conception. Any style is author's stuff which is suitable to his purpose and his fancy. . . . His only limits are those of art."

The forthcoming publication in England of a new edition of President Wilson's " History of the American People," hitherto known only to a few on this side of the water, is bound to call forth many comparisons between him and other chroniclers of the world of to-day and yesterday. The considering of the respective merits of great historians and of all the different ways of writing history is an agreeable game in which he himself has taken a hand with much gusto in another of these essays on " Mere Literature." J. R. Green, he confesses, is his favourite historian. Gibbon, on whom we have just heard him, and " whom all praise," he says, " but so few read," he has evidently tried to read and cannot praise ; Carlyle's " amazing flashes of insight and his unlooked-for steady light of occasional narrative " arouse his admiration, but " surely history was not all enacted so hotly or with so passionate a rush of men upon the stage " ; Macaulay he regretfully dismisses for his tendency " to turn narrative into argument and make history a vindication of the Whig Party." Green, at once " the patient scholar " and " the rare artist," comes nearest to his ideal, but even with Green Mr. Wilson is not entirely, or not always, satisfied. He is too monotonous. His method, whatever the topic, is ever the same. His sentences, his paragraphs, his chapters are pitched one and all in the same key. " It is a very fine and moving key. Many an elevated strain and rich harmony commend it alike to the ear and to the imagination. It is employed with an easy mastery and is made to serve to admiration a wide range of themes. But it is always the same key and some themes it will not serve." And Mr. Wilson proceeds to remind us of the infinite variety that plays throughout history, every scene with its own air of singularity. The incidents cannot be rightly set, he maintains, if all be set alike. The tone of the narrative must change continually—the battle pages resounding with the tramp of armies ; in peace the historian must catch in turn the hum of industry, the hustle of the street, the calm of the countryside, the tone of parliamentary debate, the fancy, the ardour, the argument of poets and seers

and quiet students." And he must keep with the generation of which he writes, "not be too quick to be wiser than they were." He must write of them always "in the atmosphere they themselves breathed."

This essay was written in 1896. The History followed six years later. Did the historian smile a little at the excessive requirements of the essayist? For truly the essayist asked too much! The ideal pointed to is beyond the reach of mortal man—it would tax the combined capabilities of an international syndicate, comprising all the most versatile writers alive, including Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. H. G. Wells. No one individual ever succeeded in being so *ondoyant et divers*. The only person for whom such many-sidedness was ever claimed, even by himself, either in fact or in fiction, was the little old major-general in the "Pirates of Penzance."

Yes, I think we may take it that the historian smiles at the essayist. He knows better now. "A History of the American People" is a splendid book, well planned, well executed, absorbing from the first page to the last, but, while he was engaged on it, its author must often have reflected on his criticisms of Green, and must have come soon to realise that they were a bit unreasonable. Indeed, it may be doubted whether he would wish now for a greater compliment than to be ranked as one of Green's most distinguished disciples by the side of Mr. Herbert Paul and of Mr. Justin McCarthy. It is with "A History of Modern England" and "A History of Our Own Times" and "The Four Georges" that Mr. Wilson's effort challenges comparison rather than with the more far-reaching work of Green. Green undertook a much greater task and was able to devote to it infinitely more time and labour than Mr. Paul and Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Wilson could spare from their other avocations. In any case these three historians, whether co-disciples or not of their eminent predecessor, have many things in common—above all, their faculty for vivid and lifelike portraiture. President Wilson's work, like those of Mr. Paul and Mr. McCarthy, abounds in admirable and really memorable character-sketches. I wish I had space here in which to quote from them—from his accounts of Washington and Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, of Generals Grant and Lee and Jackson, and of Lincoln above all. For at least this brief extract from his pen-picture of Lincoln I must find room:

"Men noted the sad and anxious eyes of the new President; noted, also, with a certain deep misgiving, his gaunt and uncouth figure as of a man too new, too raw, too awkward, too unschooled in affairs for the terrible responsibilities and tangled perplexities of the great office he undertook. They did not know the mastery of the man; they did not see that the straight fibre of this new timber was needed to bear the strain of affairs grown exigent beyond all common reckonings. There was the roughness of the frontier upon him. His plain clothes hung unthought of on his big angular frame; he broke often in the midst of weighty affairs of state into broad and boisterous humour; he moved, and did the things assigned to him, with a sort of careless heaviness, as if disinclined to action, and struck some fastidious men as hardly more than a shrewd, good-natured rustic."

Over and above the fascination it has always had as a piece of narrative "A History of the American People" has derived of late an entirely new and unique interest from its author's election to the Presidency. There is scarcely an aspect of the Presidential office that is not touched upon in its pages—scarcely a problem of government as to which the future President does not indicate something of his own attitude. "*Ce livre c'est moi*," said Montaigne of the book in which he gave us his whole self. President Wilson in this History, although never using the first person, makes himself known to us very completely. After its own fashion, *ce livre, c'est lui*.

It would be pleasant to glance at the President's other writings, in particular at his fine study of George Washington, but I have reached the limits imposed on me, and must desist. I shall conclude with one more quotation, a little piece of practical philosophy from a slender volume published a few years ago under the title "When a Man Comes to Himself." Mr. Wilson's train of thought, I may explain, has been started, as so often, by a phrase of Bagehot's—by the saying that a bachelor is "an amateur in life":

"A man who lives only for himself has not begun to live—has yet to learn his use, and his real pleasure too, in the world. It is not necessary he should marry to find himself out, but it is necessary he should love. Men have come to themselves serving their mothers with an unselfish devotion, or their sisters, or a cause for whose sake they forsook ease and left off thinking of themselves. It is unselfish action, growing slowly into the high habit of devotion, and at last, it may be, into a sort of consecration, that teaches a man the wide meaning of his life and makes of him a steady professional in living. . . ."

BURNS AND PETER PINDAR.

By Davidson Cook.

Incidentally annotating, for the first time, a hitherto unexplained passage in a letter from Burns to Thomson.

THE byways of literature have an interest peculiarly their own. Names flit across the pages of biography which, looked at, back through the Glass of Years, seem strangely out of focus; *Chief Seats* are occupied by men for whom Posterity will not find even a *footstool*; and *Reputations* apparently securely enthroned in the Temple of Fame are found relegated to the Lumber-room of neglect, and sometimes laden with the dust of decades of oblivion. On the whole, and in the end, the World is wonderfully correct in its judgment, and yet there will always be a fascination in poking around and disturbing the dust on the faded reputations in the World's literary lumber-room.

Burns is a world-name. Recently I met a Belgian lady from Ypres who talked quite familiarly of "Bobby Burns," fondly quoted "Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw," and knew the songs of the Master Songsmith better than many who have made speeches on "the

immortal memory" at Burns celebrations. Everybody knows BURNS, but how many know PETER PINDAR? What did he write—was he a poet? If you cannot quote from his poems, you need not be written down as an ignoramus, nor seriously blamed if at the first mention of his name, you confounded him with the Greek poet whom Peter familiarly addresses as "My Cousin Pindar." I noticed some of his lines quoted in a literary article the other day, but that is a compliment seldom paid to his Odeship in these days, and yet, in his own day and generation, Peter Pindar was reckoned *a great poet*—one to whom Burns did not think himself "fit to hold a candle."

Burns, in writing to George Thomson, the *mangler* of "Scots Wha Hae," for whose collection he wrote many of his finest songs, says:

"The very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work. His 'Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—*that would be presumption indeed.*"

In another letter Burns writes:

"Many thanks for my remaining volume of P. Pindar—Peter is a delightful fellow, and a *first favourite of mine.*"

You may be sure that though the "Pleasant Peter," as Thomson dubs him in a letter to the Ayrshire Bard, has *lost his place*, he must have had "something about him," to win such praise from Burns. He is but one of the many idols of one generation, which a later one takes down from their pedestals and forgets to put up again.

Pindar's "Gregory," which Burns thought so beautiful, is printed on the same page of Thomson's first volume of Songs, as Burns's set of Scots stanzas to the same tune, beginning:

"O mirk, mirk, is this mid night hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door!
An exile from her father's ha,'
And a' for loving thee:
At least some pity on me shaw,
If *love* it mayna be!"

Pindar's song began:

"Oh ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs!
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies!"

Thomson appends a footnote:

"It is but doing justice to the latter song to mention that it is the original. Mr. Burns saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject."

Burns published his first volume of Poems in 1786 (the famous Kilmarnock edition) and by 1793 he had certainly more than a local reputation, yet in September of that year we find him writing to Thomson in this fashion:

"But one thing I must hint to you; the very name of Peter Pindar is of great service to your publication, so get a verse from him now and then."

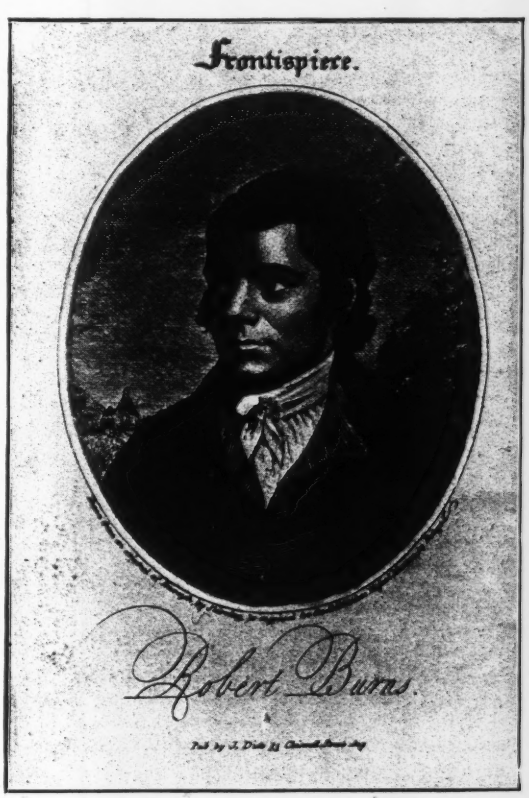
Peter's Flying Pegasus was mostly concerned, though in no lick-spittle manner, with the great ones of his day—Royalties, Society Dames, Statesmen, Actors and Actresses, Academicians, and others who loomed large in the public eye. He explains his choice of subjects in the lines:

"Besides—were I to write of *common* folks,
No soul would buy my rhymes so strange, and jokes."

His references to his contemporaries are so voluminous and frequent, that one might be forgiven for thinking that *nobody* who was *anybody* could be left out; and yet in spite of Burns's manifest appreciation of the "smart" poet, the compliment was never returned. Peter took not the slightest notice in his verse, nor as far as we know in any other way, of the "country yokel" whose Muse, unlike his, found inspiration in such common things as *dogs* and *daisies*, *love* and *lassies*, *drouthy neebors*, and *haggis*. Indeed it would seem that the eccentric Peter Pindar, otherwise Dr. Wolcot, had not even a nodding acquaintance with the works of the rustic bard, for this is how he opens his

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

"Prince of the dark abodes! I ween
Your Highness ne'er till now has seen
Yourself in metre shine;
Nor heard a song with praise sincere
Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
Before this Ode of mine."



Robert Burns.

Evidently he knew nothing of Burns's "Address to the Deil," beginning:

"O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches."

Students of Burns and others will find it interesting to compare, *in extenso*, these two epistles to "Auld Nickieben." Another Burns-Pindar coincidence in choice of subject (a *creepy* one too!) is found in the "Address to a Louse" of the former and Pindar's "Lousiad." The Lousiad as a title has a more classic sound than the one which in some editions of Burns has a dash substituted for the last word; but in all the four long cantos of it there is nothing to approach

the closing lines of Burns's handling of this "vulgar" theme:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!"

Pindar has a little piece called

TO A KISS.

"Soft child of Love—thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious Kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won?.

"Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?
On Delia's lip, with raptur'd eye,
On Delia's blushing lip I see
A thousand full as sweet as thee."

In nearly all editions of Burns there are three stanzas with an exactly similar title. They were first credited to Burns in a Liverpool journal, and included by Chambers in their 1838 edition, but I have no hesitation in condemning them as spurious. They have been traced back to *The Oracle*, January 29th, 1796, where they are printed anonymously. I also find them, still without author's name, in the "Metrical Miscellany," 1802, edited by Maria Riddel, a great friend of Burns, who would almost certainly have known if he had the remotest connection with

TO A KISS.

"Humid seal of soft affections,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop virgin kiss."

It was as song-writers that Thomson enlisted the services of Burns and Pindar. The songs of Robert Burns are known the world over, and have been translated into a babel of tongues. Though he modestly said:

"I am nae poet in a sense
But just a rhymer, like by chance,"

and looked upon Peter Pindar as one exalted by the Muses to their rarest pinnacle, yet posterity soon reversed their positions, and now the songs of the "clever" rhymester are forgotten. We resurrect one entitled:

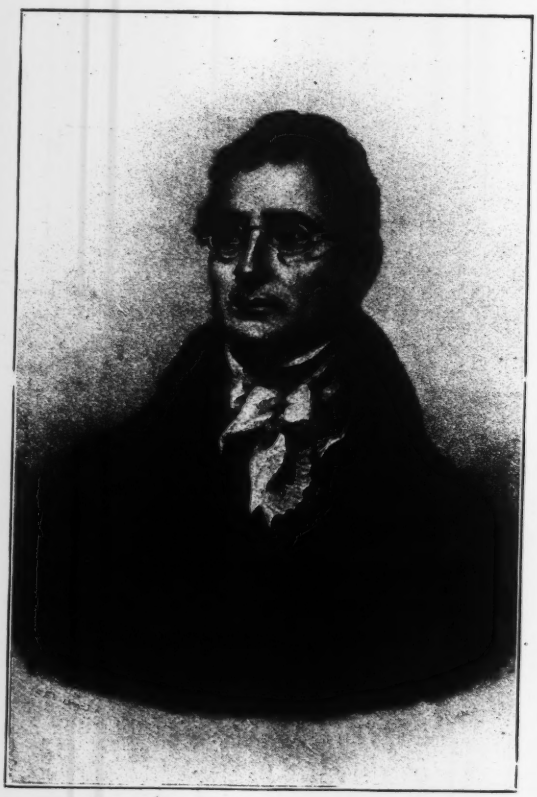
TO CYNTHIA.

"O thou! whose love-inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
My day declines in dark despair,
And night hath lost her sweet repose.

"Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
To *others* e'er thy charms were known
When Fancy told my raptured breast,
That Cynthia smil'd on me alone?

"Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs;
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch who dies,
When others to thy beauty kneel.

"Lo! theirs is every winning art,
With Fortune's gifts, unknown to me!
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with Innocence and Thee."



George Thomson.

Very passable verse to find in the lumber-room of Literature, but compare it with Burns's song of the lone lover, "My Nannie's Awa'," or his now rather neglected "Ae Fond Kiss," four lines of which Byron quoted on the title page of his "Bride of Abydos":

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Sir Walter Scott said this verse contains "the essence of a thousand love-tales," a saying sometimes, for an obvious reason, erroneously attributed to Lord Byron.

Had the works of Peter Pindar lived like those of his poetical admirer, we would probably have seen oft-quoted during the newspaper discussions on the Traffic in Titles his ode:

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

"The carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a stubborn piece,
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No losers were the men of chipping trade,
Because of that same stubborn stuff they made
A damn'd good god!

"Thus of the Lower House, a stupid wretch,
Whose mind to A B C can scarcely stretch,
Shall by a Monarch's all-creative word,
Become a very decent Lord."

Smart enough in its way, but not to be bracketed with the lines written on the same theme by the obscure ploughman:

"A Prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that."

Peter Pindar—Dr. John Wolcot—(1738–1819) lived forty-four years longer than Burns, and was a prolific versifier—clever enough to

evoke the enthusiastic admiration of Burns—but if you dig through every page of his writings, though much of interest may arrest you, nowhere will you find a verse as quotable as

" But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever."

Nevertheless the brilliant versifier must have dazzled his contemporaries more than the poet. Many volumes of the period could be cited in evidence, but one must suffice. In the " Beauties of British Poetry " (1801) selected by Sidney Melmoth, there are *twenty-five* poems by Pindar, while Burns is represented by *one* little fragment of four lines, called " The Thorn."

Peter Pindar.

In a letter written by Burns to George Thomson, in April, 1793, there is a passage which has never been annotated by any editor of the poet's works. It fits in as a kind of Pindaric supplement to our subject, and students of Burns, and owners of *edited* editions of his poems, will be glad to fill in the gap with a little MS. foot-note of the explanation given. The passage reads:

" I shall be extremely sorry if you set any other song to the air, ' She rose and loot me in,' except the song of that title. It would be cruel to spoil the allusion in poor unfortunate M'Donald's pretty ode."

One of the *cognoscenti* in propounding the puzzle to me, queried " Who was M'Donald, and where is his ode ? "

The " allusion " Burns writes of in this letter is to be found in an " Ode on the Scottish Music," which Burns must have read with supreme interest. It begins,

" No stroke of art their texture bears,
No cadence wrought with learned skill,"

and the allusion is contained in these six lines:

" There Night her silent sable wears,
And gloom invests the vaulted skies,
No star amid the void appears,
Yet see fair Nelly blushing rise,
And, lightly stepping, move unseen
To let her panting lover in."

The poem was printed in *The Star* (edited by Peter Stewart, who corresponded with Burns) of January 5th, 1789, over the signature " Tassoni."

A reference to the old song in question will prove that this *allusion* to it, which is simply the first verse slightly paraphrased, was undoubtedly what Burns had in his mind when he penned the passage. Further proof is furnished by the fact that I found the Ode in a volume entitled, " Supplement to Pindar, by Matthew Bramble, London, 1797." Matthew Bramble, who wrote odes in answer to the odes of Peter Pindar, was really Andrew MacDonald, a native of Leith, who died in great destitution in London in 1790. Burns must have met the ode in his Miscellaneous Works which were published in 1791. MacDonald, who was originally an Episcopalian minister in Glasgow, where he wrote a novel called " The Independent," figures in D'Israeli's " Calamities of Authors," and anyone reading his life, can well understand Burns's feeling reference to " poor unfortunate M'Donald." As far as his poetry went he was but an ancillary star in the Pindar firmament and has suffered the same eclipse as the brighter luminary. They are forgotten and like scores of former favourites, including many poets laureate, remind us of the lines of Burns:

" There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages,
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

" The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

Special Notice.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

War Time Notice.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* The Bookman *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

XUM

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best statement by herself in not more than a hundred and fifty words of "The Effect the War has had on Mrs. Grundy's Opinions."

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best motto from any British or American author for the proposed League of Nations.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Hilda Skae, of 16, Jordan Lane, Edinburgh, for the following:

THE PIPER.

Oh, sweet and full by the mountain pool,
And low and sweet in the meadow,
The Piper plays in the woodland ways,
Through sunshine and in shadow.
The flow'rs of earth hear the voice of his mirth,
The bird in the tree-top swaying—
Anon shall his note through the green alleys float
Where lasses and lads go maying.
And where is the Piper now?—
Ah, he hides in the topmost bough,
While young lovers muse in the midsummer noon:
For sweet are the days with the magic of June;
And sweeter the nights with the stars and the moon;
And the spell of the Piper's playing.

Ah, soft and low shall the music flow
O'er the fields of autumn's glory;
Though reapers sing at the harvesting,
There's sorrow in their story.
Though gleams the gold on the woods and the wold,
We mourn the year's betraying;
For leaves lie dead on the paths that we tread:
The paths where we once went maying;
And brief was the summer's boon;
Cold winter is coming soon;—
For flown are the swallows that built in the eaves;
And bitter the blast at the fall of the leaves;
But the husbandman sings as he garners his sheaves;
For he still hears the Piper playing.

Ah, cold and chill is the wind on the hill,
And cold are the snowdrifts lying;
When woods lie still 'neath the winter's will,
And summer's hopes are dying;
And birds have fled from the storm and the dread;
And the Piper has hushed his playing;
When lovers grown old shun the frost and the cold,
The lovers that once went maying—
Ah, where is the Piper then?
He is far from the haunts of men.—
But weep not for Summer that's buried and past,
Nor the wail of the voices that cry on the blast;
For the cuckoo shall waken the woodland at last;
And the Piper shall come again.

We also select for printing:

LAST LEAVE.

Let us forget to-morrow! For to-night
At least, with curtains drawn, and drift-wood piled
On our own hearthstone, we may rest, and see
The firelight flickering on familiar walls.
(How the blue flames leap when an ember falls!)
Peace, and content, and soul-security—
These are within. Without, the waste is wild
With storm-clouds sweeping by in furious flight,
And ceaseless beating of autumnal rain
Upon our window pane.

The dusk grows deeper now, the flames are low:
We do not heed the shadows, you and I,
Nor fear the grey wings of encroaching gloom,
So softly they enfold us. One last gleam
Flashes and flits, elusive as a dream,
And then dies out upon the darkened room.
So, even so, our earthly fires must die;
Yet, in our hearts, love's flame shall leap and glow
When this dear night, with all it holds for me,
Is but a memory!

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, Whitby, Yorks.)

TO "A. C."

May these poor lines escape at least thy scorn,
Forgive their boldness, and accept their truth;
Not mine the songs of sentimental youth,
Of deeper, calmer reverence are they born—
Oh! to recount in verses less uncouth
The half of all thy treasure-house of grace,
Or to proclaim within my measured space
The justice of the name thou dost adorn!

A proof art thou—and thus the Ancients thought—
That grace of mind must outward grace impart;
Thus have I seen thee always: in my heart
Thy beauty has for inward beauty stood:
In thee, for thee, has Nature once more wrought
The unity of Beautiful and Good.

(Captain A. E. W., Torquay.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by E. Raworth (Harrogate), Helena Derezinska (Paris), Lieut. R. G. Tattersall (Stockport), Lieut. G. Dearmer (York), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), Cyril G. Taylor (Bedale), C. R. Price (B.E.F.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-Thames), T. Cleghorn Davidson (Edinburgh), Evelina I. San Garde (Accrington), Florence Tylee (Bath), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Edwin L. Gregory (Leverhulme), Hilda Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), Barbara Storey (London, N.W.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), J. Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead), Frank Denty Pescott (Guernsey), Kathleen A. Braimbridge (Kidderminster), Private Hitchcock (B.E.F., France), Peggie Lawford (Newton Abbot), James Hilton (Cambridge), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), Lieut. Kenneth Wyche (Norwich), Anthea (Alresford, Hants), F. Morogh (London, S.W.), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), A. Crawford (Bangor, Co. Down), Dorothy G. Millier (Wallington), Margaret Brooking (Gloucester), B. I. Evans (London, N.), A. Ritchie (London, S.E.), E. M. Herring (London, N.W.), Constance Goodwin (London, S.W.), Reginald Gray (Darlington), A. M. Christie (Torquay), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Private L. Horton (Harrogate), Annie M. Impey (London, N.), Doreen M. Dillon

(Lee), W. G. Hail (Cardiff), Mary C. Main (Bristol), John A. Bellchambers (London, N.), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Agnes L. Hillman (Stevenage), Lieut. J. C. B. Brown (B.E.F., France), C. Mary Hills (Cardiff), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), S. R. Noyes (Parys, South Africa), Irene Wintle (Portland), Mrs. Kathleen Hunter (Belfast), Janet P. Dove (Blackrock, Co. Dublin), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Margaret Brown (Calne), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to Edward Ward, 51, Leighton Street, South Shields, for the following:

OH! MONEY! MONEY. By Eleanor H. Porter. (Constable.)

"What makes all doctrine plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again? Two hundred more."
Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*, Part III., Canto 1.

We also select for printing:

THE AWAKENING. By Paul Urquhart. (Ward, Lock).

"You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me at eleven."
H. S. Leigh, *Strains from the Strand.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

COAL AND CANDLELIGHT. By Helen Parry Eden. (Lane.)

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"
Young, *Night Thoughts.*

(Nora Ford, 136, Cromwell Road, Kensington, W.)

MY ERRATIC PAL. By Alfred Clarke, N.Z.M.C. (Lane.)

"For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an indiarubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little, that there's none of him at all."
R. L. Stevenson, *My Shadow.*

(A. D. Somerville, 10, Bury Street, Lower Edmonton, N.9.)

III.—This Prize is divided, and Two New Books are awarded to Mrs. Ethel Renton, of Westfield, Bradley, *via* Keighley, Yorks, and Two to Gunner A. J. Palmer 161090, (Signals), 41st Battery, 42nd Brigade, R.F.A., B.E.F., France, for the following:

WHAT I INTEND TO DO AFTER THE WAR.

What *we* intend to do after the war used to be a subject full of charm, and one on which I never tired of dwelling. But three months ago my husband laid down his life for his country, and now the question I am obliged to face is what *I* intend to do after the war. I intend to continue what I have already begun—the upbringing of my three fatherless children. Naturally I am a home woman, and gladly left the solution of national and international problems, along with the fulfilment of outside duties, to my capable partner. But now I realise that if I am to fill the father's, as well as the mother's, place in the home, I must broaden my outlook on life, and interest myself in the general welfare of mankind, and thus help my sons and daughter to develop large sympathies and well-balanced minds.

Ethel Renton.

WHAT I INTEND TO DO AFTER THE WAR.

I had a dream! No longer had I the ever-present stench of ground soddened with noble blood spilt for England. No longer the terrible sights of headless men huddled as they had fallen. No longer was my deep sympathy awakened and humanity pained by the sight of mutilated horses, who had fallen as nobly as their riders. No, the vast plain of desolation and death was changed as to a scene of paradise.

Through a billowy cloud I gazed, gazed at a figure seated at a student's desk, in a light and airy room, as serviceable as beautiful. Its walls were decked with pictures that spoke to the soul of art, of quiet and restfulness. Filled with well-thumbed books, shelves were near at hand. I saw the seated figure turn as though to reach a book—

Peace had at last returned, and I was dwelling once again in Utopia.

Gunner A. J. Palmer.

We select for special commendation the essays by G. Phillips (Porthcawl), Navalteer (Liverpool), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Lance-Cpl. Morden (Eastbourne), Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), Maude Montague Bruce (Sunningdale), Private Percy A. Staub (B.E.F., France), Catherine E. Davis (Thrapston), J. Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead), Cyril Wrigley (Leeds), Corporal G. Ralton Barnard (York), A. D. Somerville (London, N.), Katharine J. Wood (Birmingham), W. H. Dove, H. Dalton Vasey (Brentwood), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells).

IV.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Isabelle Griffin, of Enville Cottage, Bradmore, Wolverhampton, for the following:

THE EYES OF A CHILD. By Edwin Pugh.

(Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Pugh is one of those rare and fortunate people who retain through life a clear and vivid picture of early years. "Shades of the prison-house" have in no way dimmed his vision of childhood, and in bringing knowledge and experience to interpret his memories he revives in others many blurred and faded recollections. The book is of absorbing interest, and full of that sympathetic humour which is half akin to sadness; yet many ponderous tomes on child-study might not yield such a wealth of understanding of a child's thoughts, feelings and emotions as this little volume portraying the boyhood of Tobias Morgan.

We also select for printing:

A SON OF THE MANSE.

By Alfred Tresidda Sheppard. (Melrose.)

A series of clearly cut pictures gives us his tragic career. The story moves quickly and is extraordinarily vivid—its characterisation balanced. The Welsh Megan gives colour and brusque Pinkie strikes a welcome note of humour. The father is an artistic triumph. His dourness and rigidity repel, but it is the springs of pity, not condemnation, he finally touches. Grace is the least satisfactory figure. The folly of making moral sanctions depend upon literal infallibility in a "book" is patent in the son's struggles, but the warning against religious repression would be more convincing were the final tragedy less complete.

(Elizabeth H. Robertson, 47, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Private F. G. Mitchell (Dublin), Rita C. Gayford (London, S.W.), J. Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), T. A. Percy Smith (Birmingham), A. D. Somerville (London, N.), Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey, I.O.M.), E. C. Wickham (Burrington, Salop), D. Hare (Bath), Helen Mills (Ballymena), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Rolanda Hirst (London, S.W.), Miss H. A. C. Legge (Alresford, Hants), Grace G. Webb (Southam), S. Hunter (Chesterfield), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Alan D. Emerson (Taunton), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), E. Street (Kenilworth), Owen Nugent (Belfast), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Florence G. Fidler (London), C. J. Pollard (Bournemouth).

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to Jessie Jackson, of 83, Walker Gate, Beverley, East Yorks.

XUM

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT would appear that Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch intends (and there is not the slightest reason for quarrelling with his intention) to conduct the publication of his lectures and essays on what may be called the principle of the *macédoine*. Macedonia appears to be a horribly difficult country to make war in, but against the mixed food which derives name from it there is no objection whatever; and your literary *macédoine* may be as relishing as your culinary one. To speak no further in parables, there is no pretence of connection—of "course"—in this volume; and once more there is not much, if any, reason why there should be. "The Commerce of Thought," a pleasing paper (though perhaps "Commerce in Literature" would be a rather less puzzling title) and "Patriotism in English Literature"; "Ballads" and "The Horatian Model in English Verse"; "Some Seventeenth-Century Poets" and Mr. Hardy; "The Terms Classical and Romantic" and Charles Reade; Coleridge and Meredith; Matthew Arnold and Swinburne—do not in the least jostle, but (to alter Lever slightly) make the general bed and then lie down beside each other on it in a most amiable and satisfactory manner.

A book, however, of this kind is not easy to review except scrappily. You may feel inclined at one moment to say "Hear! Hear!" when Sir Arthur laughs gently (he might have made the laughter a little less gentle) at the "communal dance" theory of Ballads; for though a communal dance might produce

"I slew him; he fell by the Wurra Gurra river,"

it must have been a most remarkable commune that turned out "The Wife of Usher's Well" or "This ae night." You may on the other hand feel tempted to shuffle your feet, like a Scotch student when his professor says something that revolts his feelings, at Sir Arthur's remarks on Carlyle's "French Revolution." It is certain that all the oysters, or at least the mussels, of the Isle of Britain have *not*, as Sir Arthur thinks they have, "rid themselves of the disease of pearls." He has only got to go up to the River Teith in the northern division of that isle: and even without waders he can soon gather specimens which will convince him that "the union is there" still, if not of Red Cross bulk. The "Hear! Hear!" might come again at his emphatic insistence on the too little recognised value of vowel-music in poetry; and the shuffling at his statement that he does not know why Dr. Johnson called certain poets "metaphysical" with some remarks following—*that* puzzle has been explained long ago. Perhaps it would be better if Mr. Swinburne were now left alone in his glory for a little time: inasmuch as his memory has certainly been confused by much abuse of speech recently. Not that there is anything in the least offensive about Sir Arthur's own remarks. But even he, in regarding the last thirty years of the poet's life as a period of occultation, seems not to have noticed that one thing was not occulted—namely, the pure poetic element. Perhaps there was not much left *besides* poetry: but there was always that. It was poetry more or less *in vacuo*; but there are so many people who have given us vacuity without poetry!

One of the most interesting essays of the batch is that on "The Horatian Model in English Verse," which is full of good things, though one may not agree with Sir Arthur that rhymelessness is the secret of Horatianity. It is of course easier to be Horatian without rhyme in verse, just as it would be easier to play Horace in person without a tweed suit and a modern hat. But that is a different thing. Nor need Sir Arthur have been so much surprised at the late Dr. Tyrrell's sneers at the "Regulus" ode. Dr. Tyrrell was a most amusing companion and an excellent scholar: but, like other excellent scholars (Bentley and Lachmann in old days and Wilamowitz-Mollendorff in modern are instances) he was by no means a trustworthy critic of literature, especially of poetry.

But this application of the methods of Pecksy and Flapsy to a book of the kind is never very satisfactory; so let us take a single point and deal with it more seriously. At p. 68 Sir Arthur justifies the programme of his Chair, which was, it seems, expressly "to open the study of English down to our own times." He does not in fact in this book deal with any living writer except Mr. Hardy, who is a classic already; but he seems rather anxious about the principle, though he frolics round its opponents as "fixing upon a date upon which English literature took to its bed and expired." Of course nobody does anything of the sort and the remark, like others, is a harmless joke. But perhaps it may be permitted to one who has thought (and had practical occasion to think) the subject out rather seriously—and who, with all due respect to Sir Arthur and the University of Cambridge, does not agree with them—to state his reasons for disagreement. Why did I (there can be no harm in the *ego* here, for it makes the matter more practical) deliberately abstain twenty years ago from lecturing on Francis Thompson and John Davidson—for the first of whom I had some, and for the second great admiration? And why should I, if I held a chair at the present moment, decline to lecture on those living writers whom Sir Arthur suggests?

The reasons are too numerous to exhaust here: but some of the chief of them may be given.

The first and most obvious, though by no means the strongest, is the difficulty of "speaking out," and the probable unfairness of such speaking when it is done *ex cathedra* and not as the scribes. The second objection is stronger. About the writers of the past there is a certain *corpus* of more or less settled judgment. The professor himself need not and should not merely spoon this into his students' ears; he may and should comment, contest, vary, fill in, and so forth, as his wits and his knowledge allow him to do. But there is always the general judgment remaining: and unless he is a silly paradoxer he will respect it and refer if not defer to it. And with it to qualify, steady and correct his own estimates, his pupils will have a body of literary doctrine on which to form their own mind and taste.

* "Studies in English Literature." By Sir Arthur Quiller Couch. (Cambridge University Press.)

FAMOUS MEN ON PELMANISM.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.:

Quite frankly, the Pelman system is devised to help a man or a woman to achieve practical, material success, sometimes expressible in terms of money. Why not?

If the main principles of the system were to be defined, I should describe them as inculcating self-reliance, and the perfecting of the mind, memory, and mental equipment generally, the essential condition of success in any career.

The test of the value of the Pelman system, like the test of the value of any other system, is the result. What is the testimony of the students who have taken the course? I have read many letters written by students when they have completed their course. These epistles are signed by men in every profession and trade, and in every rank of them. The Services contribute letters from Admirals down ranks and ratings down to ordinary seamen and stokers, and from Generals to privates, and it is remarkable that almost without exception these documents affirm the benefit received by the writers from the Pelman course of study.

The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses. The first condition of success is willingness to learn. The student must be prepared to do his part. It is not always an easy part, but it is fair to say both that it is always possible and always interesting.

Major-Gen. Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B.:

(Late Director of Military Operations.)

The Pelman system provides mind-drill based on scientific principles, and taught by experienced instructors. It claims to produce not only a good memory, but concentration, self-confidence, self-control, initiative, and observation, and the thousands of letters received from soldiers who have taken the course, both before and during the war, show that it makes no empty claim.

I can think of no better method than the Pelman course either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigour to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman course to the soldier on convalescent leave.

The Pelman system is not cram, or trick, but a scientific method of training which has proved its value to the soldier in war, and it would, I am certain, be of the greatest benefit if it were adapted to Army training generally.

Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, K.C.B.:

I have been asked many times whether I recommend Pelmanism, which is a system of mental training taught by correspondence. I cannot base a recommendation on *personal* experience of the Pelman course because I have never been through it myself; and I have made it, I am glad to think, my invariable rule throughout life never to recommend a man or a measure with whose merits, achievements and possibilities I had not had personal experience.

This rule, however, leaves me quite free to say that the Pelman system, so far as I can judge from what I have seen of it, appeals to me because it deals with the individual, and because it offers to him in a practical form the cardinal steps to the development and strengthening of mental character which is the foundation of success in any line of life. And many, if not most, of these steps are those which have been omitted in the average school training.

"Sapper":

(Author of "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," "Men, Women and Guns," etc.).

What is this thing which Pelmanism teaches, and which its students wish to be taught? It is well-nigh impossible to sum up the course in a phrase: it is altogether too big a thing. And yet—perhaps it can be done—more or less. Pelmanism, as I see it, teaches Human Nature—your own and the other man's.

There is no catch in it. It is a system developed along perfectly common-sense lines, which leads to a definite goal. That goal is Efficiency.

Pelmanism trains the untrained mind; that is its *raison d'être*. But from an intellectual point of view the thing can be put in a nutshell. It is not good to go through life blind: and yet thousands do so. Their brains are blind, they see, and do not appreciate; they hear, and do not understand. Pelmanism brings that appreciation and that understanding. Therefore it would seem worth while to Pelmanise, for it is certainly worth while to understand.

Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., D.Sc. (Cantab.):

Pelmanism, it seems to me, is not so much an education in itself as the preparation of the mind for education elsewhere; for the education of the streets and shops and countryside; education by home reading, by foreign travel, by secondary schools, and above all, by universities. So far from being in rivalry with sound educational institutions, with schools and colleges, it is a preparatory ground for them. Its intention is that its pupils shall be enabled henceforth to assimilate and co-ordinate to the utmost advantage all the education they receive or seek for.

Why do I write thus strongly and convincedly? Because more than the mass of my fellow-countrymen, more—alas!—than many of those who direct our destinies in the Councils of State, in Parliament, in the Press, I realise the supreme need of a well-founded, practical, modern education *if* we are to attain to and maintain a supreme degree of efficiency, proportionate to the place we aspire to hold among the great nations of the world.

Sir H. Rider Haggard:

Education, properly understood, does not merely mean something which enables people to acquire facts that are useful in the passing of competitive examinations. Indeed, I believe, as I understand that the Directors of the Pelman Institute do also, the entire system of competitive examinations, also their results, to be of doubtful value. True education, if it is to prove really helpful to a man or woman, and therefore to the nation, must have a moral side, something that strengthens the character as well as stores the mind with the details of various sorts of learning.

To me it seems that Pelmanism, as I understand it, does to a considerable extent fulfil this ideal, and for that reason I recommend it to those who, in the fullest sense, really wish to learn and to become what men and women ought to be.

Our nation, like others, is going through a period of awful strain and trouble. We hope and believe that we shall emerge from that trouble chastened but safe, if impoverished, distressed, and disorganised. Then, unless we are to sink in the world and bid farewell to the proud position which we have held for centuries, must come another period, that of reconstruction. On the wreck of the past we must rise to better things. Here it is, I think, that the applied principles of Pelmanism may help us.

Max Pemberton:

This new system of mind culture has been established among us as one of the most remarkable intellectual revelations of the day.

Not three weeks ago I visited the hotel of a sick Minister who was convalescing in the South of England. The burdens of his life are many and his public work is stupendous; yet upon his bed there lay the whole series of grey books which embody the Pelman course. I asked him what he thought of it, and he answered that it was altogether epoch-making. The study had evidently fascinated him, and he perceived its meaning. "If," said he, "there is in this country a young man who cannot get his money's worth out of this course, he is a fool indeed!"

Thomas Pellatt, M.A.:

(Author of "Public Schools and Public Opinion," "Public School Education and the War," etc., etc.)

Pelmanism is based upon those great and eternal principles which underlie the art of all genuine education, and which are just as permanent as the principles which underlie the art of painting, or of architecture, or of any other art.

The system, therefore, being built upon a rock foundation, is not of the nature of a quack medicine, and needs no quack device to recommend it; it makes no claim whatever to transform human nature; to change the carthorse into the racehorse, or so to metamorphose the elephant that he will "amble nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute"; but it does claim this: Success for all who follow the directions given: success in the sense that, after they have been through the course, they will find themselves "reborn," as it were, with aims, objects, possibilities—nay, *certainties*—in front of them, such as they never dreamed of before.

And this claim is verified by the verdict of thousands and thousands of people who have proved its truth. That is why I call the Pelman system *sound*.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of THE BOOKMAN *to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, on application to the Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

Overseas Addresses: 46–48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

XUM

The things are set and seen in "the firm perspective of the past" and will so abide.

Contemporary writers are in a wholly different case. Their work is usually not done; and work in that condition is always unsatisfactory to judge. There is between them and the contemporary student a distracting atmosphere of mist and dust and dazzle and all manner of illusion; while (almost worst of all) the atmosphere, though existing in both cases, is not the same between the professor and the object on the one hand, and the student and the object on the other.

But the strongest argument, though perhaps it may be the most unexpected, is the last. Is it not a mistake—almost a crime—to thrust in the personality of schoolmaster and professor between student and contemporary poet? It was not the least sensible and respectable action of the life of Mr. Arthur Pendennis that he did not insist on walking home that night with Mr. Philip Firmin and Miss Charlotte Baynes. And there is a real analogy between the relation of young readers to young poets and that of man and maid. The schoolmaster and the professor may prepare—should doubtless have prepared—the youthful reader to judge new poetry by what they have taught him about older; they may and should have guarded him against going a-flirting with the Tuppers and following after the Lewis Morrises of his own day. But this done, the commerce of new writer and young reader should be—at any rate had best be—undisturbed. The harm done to literature by making it the subject of teaching has, I think, been exaggerated, and affects some people hardly at all; but it exists, and does affect a good many others. Out of which last fact a humorist might perhaps extract a Gilbertian argument on Sir Arthur's side, and urge that if professors begin to lecture on Mr. Abercromby or Mr. Masefield, the students will be driven by natural recalcitrance to prefer Tennyson and Browning, Coleridge and Shelley, and so on backwards. But in seriousness there can be, I think, no better motto than "Laissez la verdure." I never myself had any difficulty in liking Æschylus or Lucretius because I learnt them at school or was lectured to on them at college. But I *do* thank the goodness and the grace which spared me lectures and classes on Tennyson and Swinburne.

A few words may be given to the lecture, "On the Terms Classic and Romantic," but, as it is to have a sequel of apparently more scholastic character, perhaps it would be better not to say much about it. It is however, in reality, so far not so much a discussion of the two things selected in its title as an onslaught upon the abuse of "isms" generally in literary history and criticism, with a more particular castigation of Dr. Brandes. Those who have never made much case of that industrious and ingenious Danish-German-Hebrew will not quarrel with what Sir Arthur says of him. Nor will they dissent as to the general question of "tendencies," "schools," and so forth—terms which undoubtedly have been and are abused, and which should be very carefully used in literary study. But when he seems to attempt to bar them altogether and says, "When we attempt to convert our epithets of opinion —'classical,' 'romantic,' etc.—into abstract nouns, 'classicism,' 'romanticism,' etc., we *are at once hopelessly lost*," some slight protest is necessary. An intelligent person means by "romanticism" the sum and substance of the things which in his opinion are "romantic," and one does not see where the "losing" comes in. If, of course, you attempt to abstract too much you may lose your way in your abstractions, but you need not do so. The present writer has never inclined to excessive theorising, generalising, "schematising," and so forth in literary history and criticism. But if you are to have no grouping and comparing and arranging at all: if the study is to consist merely of individual glances, at this writer and that, that book or this, neglecting time, place, circumstance, influence, filiation and the like *altogether*, criticism becomes a mere rag-bag. Do not push your classifying too far, and never separate the abstract from the concrete; but let classification and abstraction have their fair place. And, after all, Sir Arthur probably means no more or not much more than this in the words quoted above.

New Books.

THE SINGING SEASON.

The war sets more and more poets to singing, as over the battlefields the birds sing the louder because of the guns. Some of these poets sing to ease their own pain, and bring a bruised sweetness to those who listen. Others again give us what they see of the tremendous issues in which they have part; and these are the simple songs of simple soldier men. The war, because it dominates all else, slips into singing which would else be concerned with bird or flower, and is not equal to the crashing discords. Not much of the poetry of the war is essential; but the remarkable thing is the quality of it as a whole.

Here, in a bundle of new books of poetry and verse, one finds a slender paper-covered volume on which the understanding reviewer will fasten with the thrill of the discoverer. It is "Lost City"[1] by Kathleen Montgomery Wallace, and to the mind of the present reviewer it makes a trilogy with Rupert Brooke and Rose Macaulay. It is a book of Cambridge and the Fen Country and of those who went from Cambridge, that city of youth, never to return. The poetry has the clear colour, the pure music, the intensity that entitles it to a place in the trilogy. It is so good to be able to praise without a sense of being kind. This woman's poetry haunted by the shades and beauties of the university town speaks for itself. It is poetry: one need say no more. The little book is all beautiful, but I must make room for this:

"Because you are dead so many words they say.
If you could hear them, how they crowd, they crowd!
'Dying for England—but you must be proud.'
And 'Greater Love'—'Honour'—'A debt to pay.'
And 'Cry, dear!' some one says: and some one 'Pray!'
What do they mean, their words that throng so loud?

"This, dearest, that for us there will not be
Laughter and joy of living dwindling cold;
Ashes of words that dropped in flame first told;
Stale tenderness made foolish suddenly.
This only, heart's desire, for you and me,
We who lived love will not see love grown old.

[1] "Lost City." By Kathleen Montgomery Wallace. 1s. net. (Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons.)

"We, who had morning-time and crest o' the wave
Will have no twilight chill after the gleam.
Nor any ebb-tide with a sluggish stream;
No, nor clutch wisdom as a thing to save.
We keep for ever—and yet they call me brave!—
Untouched, unbroken, *unrebuilt*, our dream."

Nothing could well be more unlike this clear well of poetry than "War"[2] by Ronald Campbell Macfie. The dedication to Mr. Kipling is, one presumes, by permission; one wonders if Mr. Kipling approves of the monstrous diction which often makes the poems read like Lewis Carroll's jests. Poetry which otherwise has the energy as well as the thunderous movement of war is marred by these eccentricities; it takes on a bombastic air so that one turns away from all the noise seeking a quiet place to rest. And one finds such places, for Mr. Macfie's work has passages of great beauty. Our gain after the war will be:

"Not conquests of great cities,
Not mastery of great seas,
But little loves and pities
Will be their victories.
Yea, little loves and pities
And children on their knees. . . .

"Not arrogant ambitions
For Empire rich and broad,
But our brighter visions
Of the wise heart of God."

After all, when one forgets the violent diction and the violent occasional manner, "War" is a noble poem.

"Father Noah, and Other Fancies,"[3] is an interesting book. The title poem is a strange little drama of life in the Ark where Noah and his sons carried all the fate of Man. It has a Düreresque quality, something simple, almost angular, yet with real beauty captured and caught in it. The lyrical verses that follow have often charm and sweetness, but they are not very convincing; they have an artificial air. Such things boys have always written and will write; but one turns from their occasional felicities and their conventions to the naked and unadorned "Father Noah" for reassurance that the poet is born.

Mr. Paul Hookham has tried his hand agreeably at translating "Ballades of François Villon"[4] and Mr. Blackwell has brought them out in a dainty format. One can only say that this latest translator has not missed the felicities, the cruelties, the basenesses, the compunctions, the nobilities of Villon, that sinner with a streak of saint in him. The renderings are extremely deft and the neat, lightly-poised air essential to renderings from these strait old-French measures.

"The Gutter and the Stars"[5] is by yet another soldier poet, who gives us what his eyes see of Egyptian skies and scenes mingled with what his heart sees of Welsh mountain, stream and sea. The Welsh soldier has a gift, if it is not very great nor very far-reaching. Perhaps the charm of the opening poem owes something to the beautiful names which he has had the skill to catch and make his own.

"As I rode out from Romani
I heard a throstle singing.
Far away in a green Welsh lane
His joyous notes were ringing
As I rode out from Romani.

"As I went down to Amara
I saw a streamlet flowing
Clear on the pebbles of the West countrie
With gold and brown a-glowing,
As I went down to Amara.

"As I came into Salmani
I felt the West wind lave me.
Cool and clean from Carmarthen hills
The West wind blew to save me
As I came into Salmani."

[2] "War." By Ronald Campbell Macfie. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)
[3] "Father Noah, and Other Fancies." By Geoffrey Whitworth. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[4] "Ballades of François Villon." Interpreted into English Verse by Paul Hookham. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell, Oxford.)
[5] "The Gutter and the Stars." By Eliot Crawshay Williams. 5s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

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RUSKIN HOUSE, 40, MUSEUM ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

"The Leaf"[6] is contemplative poetry and gives the reader the pleasure of quiet contemplation that sees in the leaf on the tree the whole meaning of the Universe. The title poem takes us away happily from the agonies of our day, but it is only for a little while, for the writer goes back to the war like nearly all of us. One would rather sit by him in this mood:

"Who would Eternity deny
Under the cherries let him lie,
Under the cherry-trees in May
Bursting to cataracts of spray.
And gaze up through them to the azure sky.
Still if he hesitate
Low let him stoop and contemplate
A white narcissus eye to eye,
Then say if beauty such as this can die."

The last of the batch has a picture cover of a soldier sleeping on the battlefield dreaming of mother, wife and child who lean above him. This picture truly indicates what is to be found between the pages of "Poems of Love and War,"[7] good, honest soldier's sentiment which finds expression in musical and very pleasant verse, much of which might very well be set to music.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.*

Personality is the vital factor of things written. On the force and charm of a writer's individuality depend the power and appeal of his book. Skill in construction, qualities of characterisation and phrasing, the necessary technicalities, are available to anyone who may use them; but the individuality behind, the personality that embues and controls, is the influence that ultimately decides. It is largely the cause of the quality and success of Mr. Galsworthy's writings. A master of technique to the finger-tips, though rather inclined to overtouch and overdo, he has a reserve of sympathy, a human note, that softens the harshest circumstance. He can see the kinder side of the blackguard's case; and knows that to understand everything is to pardon. He is, moreover, alert to irony; and the combination of the ironic spirit with an unsubduable gentleness, means that he can see, can show, the eternal humour of things; but finds it impossible to laugh at the absurdities of pitiful humanity, strung on the wires of the world, with the screech of the gods.

These "Five Tales" are ironic in a characteristically gentle manner. We are shown old age confronting death and an inevitable disgrace with defiant blasts of cigar smoke and an absolute enjoyment of the ultimate sips of fatal liqueur brandy; we see the hero on his silver-wedding day brought by the imps of accident to ruminate by the road-side grave of her who six and twenty years before had killed herself because of his lost love, Cupid's wings having been curbed and the blinded god lured to a suburban destination. Throughout the tales in some degree the little ironies of life are illustrated, so that we are brought to realise how absolutely man's strutting and gesticulating importance is a marionette condition subject to the mechanism and whims of the immortals. The only unconvincing story of the five is the first. It is an account, energetically and nervously wrought, of an established barrister, Keith Darrant, who becomes an accessory after the fact to a murder virtuously committed by his weak and lovable younger brother, Laurence. A woman, who, despite her trade, is drawn sympathetically, has become the victim of a loathly bully who exploits her for his own base purposes. He is killed in a fury of passion. Suspicion, however, is fastened on another man, who is subsequently condemned to death. This proves too much for Larry. He leaves a confession and kills himself; and then Keith Darrant destroys the confession, for the poor purpose of saving his family name; and this, although another, not the murderer, will inevitably be hanged for the crime. Doubtless, amongst the individuals of an infirm humanity there are persons who might let the innocent die rather than brave the passing contempt of the gossips; but not this barrister. Trained in practice and by tradition to regard law, order, and even property as sacrosanct, it would be impossible for such an one to destroy the evidence that saved an innocent man from death. All else in the tale is admirable. Its verisimilitude is finely helped by the tense directness of the dialogue.

The second and the fifth stories are studies of old men taking the last sips of the wine of life before the cup is inevitably removed. Old Heythorpe, the chairman of a shipping company, is a first-class reprobate, a scaramouche of distinction, elaborately indifferent to the calendar of conventional virtues, yet, thanks to Mr. Galsworthy's sympathy, we like the old dog and are a willing party to his nefarious doings and against the unpleasant decent people, his justified persecutors. The pity is that Sylvanus could not bluff them at the last, and was compelled to take refuge in the most tolerable of possible forms of suicide. So, also, with number two. Jolyon Forsyte, we are glad to find, was a friend of Sylvanus Heythorpe, and, though less of a practical desperado than he, shared his love of good things liquid, solid and feminine. When the domestic watch dogs of his family were away the old fellow realised the Indian Summer of his life, by befriending and enjoying the company of the divorced wife of his nephew. Again does Mr. Galsworthy's kindness triumph over the harshness of reality; indeed, it looks very much as though the malefactors of the world, they who have braved the censures of the formally good, win the warmer share of his sympathy. Irene Heron is an attractive woman, who bears the consequences of her forbidden love with a modesty and courage that are admirable. Better such as she a thousand times than the coldly, unkindly virtuous, who narrow their conduct to the nice requirements of the Decalogue. As human instances these stories of old men, vivid and vital, are delightful; artistically we could have wished that Mr. Galsworthy had omitted the last paragraph of "A Stoic" and the concluding two sentences of the "Indian Summer of a Forsyte." Each is a case for suggestive reticence, the silence that is more eloquent than speech. "The Juryman" is a sufficient fragment that points the consciousness of brotherhood between respectability and the criminal. Why is it the dock gapes for John and gets him, while Jonathan, no less guilty but more happily circumstanced, continues to wear the clean collar of a blameless life? Henry Bosengate is an eminently self-satisfied citizen when he is called to act as juryman at the trial of little Lewis, the poor rat in khaki, who, because in the Army he missed the affection of his wife, had tried to kill himself. If Bosengate were treated as Owen Lewis had been—well, most of us are lucky to 'scape whipping! "The Apple Tree" will probably be the best liked of these "Five Tales." It is the one that loses most by Mr. Galsworthy's insistent gentleness. It calls for a fierce irony; its humour-satire demands merciless laughter; its *dénouement* is actually cruel, but not in the realisation.

The whole book is a joy, for its feeling and artistry. Mr. Galsworthy is a master of his craft, who plays on the keys of an intricate human existence with a deftness and sympathy that bring out the full richness of chords builded of laughter and tears.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS.*

There are some books that the reader finishes with solid relief; others whose concluding words seem like the parting farewell of a much-loved friend. Mr. Yeats's wholly delightful "Essays" belong to the latter kind and there is this consolation in the parting, so different from

[6] "The Leaf, and Other Verses." By R. D. Norton. (Langley & Co.)

[7] "Poems of Love and War." By Lieut. S. B. Macleod. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)

* "Five Tales." By John Galsworthy. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

* "Essays: Irish and American." By John Butler Yeats. 4s. 6d. net. (The Talbot Press.)

the other which untoward circumstance may render permanent, that a renewal may be made whenever the reader is impelled to take down the book from that particular shelf where these never-failing friends stand in silent company and will as often as he wishes converse with him day by day. The essays, all too few, number only six and in the sub-title are called Irish and American, though only two of the former and but one of the latter can be strictly so described; the remaining half deal with English subjects. In a note it is stated that four of the articles were first printed in *Harper's Weekly* and one in "The Seven Arts" so that only two are now published for the first time. All readers will be grateful to Mrs. Bellinger of New York who, we are informed by "Æ" in a charming Appreciation, which adds no little to the interest of the book, "cut out and preserved from various papers these essays as they appeared: for the writer, unlike the kitten, had no interest in chasing his own tail, and had forgotten what he had written or where it had appeared." Their titles are as follows: "Recollections of Samuel Butler," "Back to the Home," "Why the Englishman is Happy," "Synge and the Irish," "The Modern Woman," and "Watts and the Method of Art." It is difficult to decide which holds the pride of place, for no sooner has one decided that such a one is the pick of the bunch than another appears to claim equality or precedence until in the end the embarrassed eliminator is at his wits' end to determine which is the best. The only way out of the difficulty is to asseverate that they are all good, and good as good can be. They certainly are, in the present writer's opinion, the most exquisitely charming pieces of writing that have appeared for a considerable time. The style is faultless, the humour heartening and the wit sparkling. Of the latter the following is a specimen. It occurs in the first paper in which Mr. Yeats gives recollections of Samuel Butler. The latter was engaged in a religious controversy with a student at Hatherleigh's Art School where Butler strove in vain to be a painter—"He had no talent," says Mr. Yeats. "I remember that one man . . . did engage in controversy and was highly sentimental in a dandified, affected way. Butler's reply was one word repeated several times—'Pooh!' That ended it. I have no doubt that that gentleman still retains his orthodoxy. When a belief rests on nothing you cannot knock away its foundations." Mr. Yeats deals some shrewd blows at the Englishman's egotism and self-complacency and will have it that his happiness is largely bottomed on the latter characteristic, but so quaintly does he breathe our faults that no possible offence can be taken at his strictures. Moreover, he can soothe our ruffled feelings by such a passage as this: "And yet there is another side to the picture; for this self-contained egotist, when trained in a good school and taught the amenities of good behaviour, and when he has received the discipline which Gladstone said he so much needed, utters the best kind of talk, since it flows not out of logic which divides, but out of the inner personality which makes the whole world kin. There is in his conversation almost always a flavour of the intimate and the confidential. He listens well, too, and never contradicts [what, never?] or seeks to convince. Indeed, it disappoints him to find one opinion where he thought there had been two. Cultivated Englishmen talking together are like men sitting in the woods through a long summer's night and listening during the intervals of silence to the noise made by a near-by stream or of a wind among the branches or to the singing of a nightingale. So always should mortals talk: clamorous and confident argument are the resources of the intellectual half-breed." "What!" to quote Charles Lamb, a favourite author of Mr. Yeats, "Are these atonements?" The answer must surely be "in the affirmative" as they say in Parliament.

Mr. Yeats states that Butler's father was a dean. The D.N.B. gives him no higher dignity than that of Canon (of Lincoln). And he affirms that "as yet we have not had the confessions of the painter." May not Haydon's autobiography be so described?

S. B.

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XUM

TWO NEW BOOKS BY TAGORE.*

Though, on the whole, "Lover's Gift, and Crossing' does not come up to Sir Rabindranath Tagore's earlier works, yet it contains many pretty fancies. Who else would have referred to the Taj Mahal at Agra as "a tear drop of love"? Who but he would write of the beloved as "Dark as the longing for unknown love in the wistful night of May"? What other poet would liken moonlight to a "kiss for the *malati* flowers"?

In places in "Lover's Gift" Sir Rabindranath is deliciously unorthodox. To his fathers the forest was a place to which men past the middle mile-stone of life retired to contemplate upon the attributes of the Divine Being. To him "the birthplace of flowers and the haunt of birds and bees" is the abode of love, its "hidden nooks" waiting "for the thrill of lovers' whispers."

Many are the types of women who catch the poet's fancy. He has a song for the woman "alone with . . . [a] few sheaves of rice," for her whose "young body is slim and swaying," for the one who has "a twinkling smile on the edge of her eyes," for the peasant whose "basket is heavy and whose limbs are tired," and for her whom her "neighbours call . . . dark in the village—but she is a lily to my heart, yes, a lily though not fair."

His message is full of hope and inspiration. He urges:

"Do not sit down silently, to tell the beads of your past tears and smiles, do not stop to pick up the dropped petals from the flowers of overnight, do not go to seek things that evade you, to know the meaning that is not plain—leave the gaps in your life where they are, for the music to come out of their depths."

Many and varied are the pictures of Indian life that he draws—always with a sympathetic, loving hand. The homeliest of the themes that he selects are illumined by his rich imagery. In a single poem (the one numbered 20) he compresses descriptions of the place "where the learned muddle the summer breeze with their snuff," where "yellow manuscripts frown upon the fleet-footed frivolousness of life," of the marble palace "where the man of fortune grows enormous in pride and flesh," of the "room where the young student sits, with his head bent over his books" with "prose prowling on the desk and poetry hiding in the heart," and of the house where the bride "runs to the bedroom the moment she is free, and snatches from under her pillows the book of romance so roughly handled by the baby."

Only a third of "Lover's Gift" is by Sir Rabindranath. The rest is made up of translations from the Bengali of Devendranath Sen, Satyendranath Datta, and Dwȳendralal Roy. They all are well known in Bengal. Devendranath Sen, the oldest among them, took M.A. and LL.B. from the Calcutta University, and set up practice as a pleader (lawyer). But he was too much of a dreamer to attend to his legal work. Unlike him Satyendranath Datta is quite young—about 30. He is the grandson of Akshay Kumar Datta, who is spoken of as the father of modern Bengali literature. Dwȳendralal Roy, a contemporary of Tagore, died recently. After passing through Cirencester, he returned to his country and was appointed a deputy magistrate. His heart was, however, in literature. He enriched his mother tongue with many patriotic lays, comic songs, and historical dramas. The instances selected from the work of these authors by Sir Rabindranath all reflect the tropical luxuriance of modern Bengali poetry.

In "Crossing" the rollicking, passionate lover turns into a devotee, helpless and trustful. He prays:

"Accept me, my lord, accept me for this while.
Let those orphaned days that passed without thee be forgotten.
Only spread this little moment wide across thy lap, holding it under thy light.
I have wandered in pursuit of voices that drew me yet led me nowhere.
Now let me sit in peace and listen to thy words in the soul of my silence.
Do not turn away thy face from my heart's dark secrets, but burn them till they are alight with thy fire."

* "Lover's Gift, and Crossing." 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
"Mashi, and Other Stories." 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

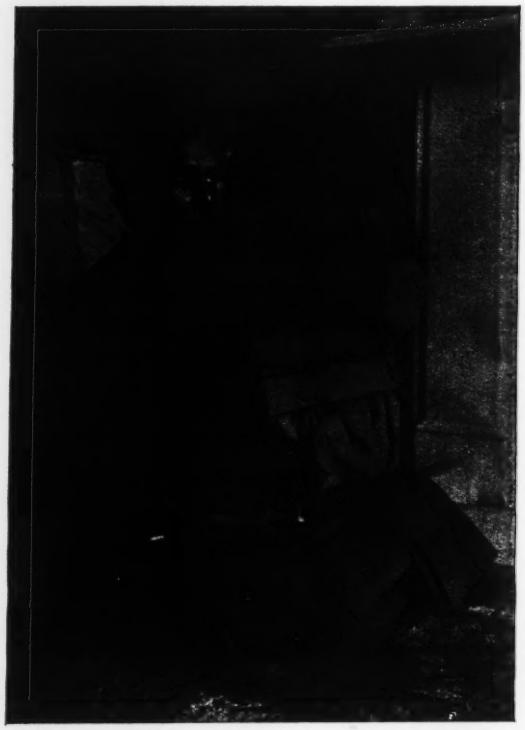

Photo by John Trevor, Hampstead. **Sir Rabindranath Tagore.**

As devotee, quite as much as lover, Sir Rabindranath is full of optimism and hope. He rapturously proclaims:

"Light's greetings spread from the East to the West,
And at the ramparts of the ruined prison rise the pæans of Victory."

In strange contrast with the note of joy and inspiration in "Lover's Gift and Crossing," a note of pessimism runs through the pages of Rabindranath's "Mashi and Other Stories." The only explanation for this that occurs to me is that most of his tales deal with one phase or another of the transition through which India is passing, and that transition is inspiring anxiety in the minds of men like Tagore, who are vitally interested in the preservation of Indian culture from the ravages of the vandal forces of indiscriminate Westernisation.

Mashi—maternal aunt—the chief character of the first story—is typical of the woman whom Indians adore. Her one interest in life is to mother the son of her dead sister. We are introduced to him when he is in the advanced stages of a fatal malady. Mashi weaves a close-meshed net of deception to make him believe that his wife, really a thoughtless girl, is deeply concerned and is devoting her whole time to cooking his invalid food and knitting shawls to keep him warm. The deception succeeds for a time, but in the end the husband discovers the truth. The careless wife returns too late. As in the minstrel song:

"O my heart! you woke not when the man of my heart came to my door.
At the sound of his departing steps you woke up.
Oh, you woke up in the dark!"

A touch of humour relieves the pessimism of some of the stories. For instance, in "The Supreme Night" Rabindranath indulges in good-natured banter at the expense of young Indians who would fain play the Mazzini or the Garibaldi in their homeland. The hero of that tale is a rustic lad who runs away from his village to Calcutta to pursue studies that he considers will open wide to him the portals of Government service. In that metropolis he comes in contact with boys who are fired with the zeal to regenerate their Motherland. While he is thus preparing to become a great leader, his father insists upon his marrying a girl, Surabala, seven years his junior, with whom he used to play at marriage. But he has taken a

secret vow to remain unmarried all his life and die for his country, and he puts his father off by saying that wedlock is out of the question until he has finished his education. Almost immediately afterwards Surabala is married to a pleader. In a short time the young man's father dies, and he seeks work as a teacher in a school in the same town where Surabala lives with her husband. He takes up his employment with the determination to train every one of his pupils "as a general for future India." The rest of the story is devoted to showing how the patriotic impulse weakens, and the longing for his lost love overpowers him.

The sort of good-natured chaffing of the new generation of Indian men and women in which Sir Rabindranath indulges in "Mashi" is all very well in stories, so long as they are treated as stories, and not as cameos of current life. But unfortunately, readers are in the habit of taking characters in fiction as representative men and women: and, in consequence, India often suffers in their estimation.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

ON THE EDGE OF THE WAR ZONE.*

The two gendarmes who, before America's entry into the war, came up one day to La Creste and, in the course of their investigations, did not hide it from Miss Aldrich that her coming to this hill-top on the Marne in June, 1914, was, to say the least of it, suspicious—these two earnest men and their more affable superior officer and Père and Amélie and Dick and Khaki and Didine have been depicted for us very charmingly. This is the second series of letters that Miss Aldrich has sent to her friend in New York and in the third series this stern recipient will not rebuke our friend on political grounds, because at last at the end of this volume the United States have come into the war. This present book takes us from the first battle of the Marne down to April, 1917; and, though Miss Aldrich protests that she has often all too little news to offer, we have read her letters with the greatest pleasure. When she is describing her own isolated life, her Amélie, her garden and her animals, or when she ventures out across the Marne or when she has French officers billeted upon her, this old lady—she insists that she is old and prone to palpitations—is on every page delightful. "My God, lady, I'm glad to see you. My God, lady, the sight is good for sore eyes," said the warrior who had lived in New York; and when she stood on the top of her hill in the snow very early one morning to bid farewell to a regiment which was going back to the trenches, we are only sorry that, after seeing her holding up the flag for so long, they did not know how ashamed of herself she was when she had to return to the house with her feet nearly frozen; but perhaps this lady could not endear herself more to the poilus than she has done. It is a pity that some place names, such as Toul and Quincy (on the interesting map), should be wrongly spelled, while Sir Frederick "Ludgard" and General "Margin" seem unfamiliar, and we hope it is not too pedantic to point out that "ravitaillement" and "officier de liaison" and "Palais Royal" are more conventional. This book will surely go into a second edition, so that these slight slips can be removed. For the first time we hear of Foch's serious motor accident which laid him up in Meaux during 1916. We very much hope that the increasing distance of La Creste from the battlefield will not cause Miss Aldrich to stop writing to her friend in New York and to us, her friendly public. Now that her countrymen are in the war the chief difference to her—for she has been whole-heartedly in the war from the beginning and some of her tributes to the British are most touching—the chief difference will be that American troops will find their way to La Creste and her own movements will be less difficult. A little further up the line she would see, upon another hill-top, at Jouarre the tomb of an ancient Scottish

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XUM

princess which has now definitely been saved from destruction. It lies in a very old abbey; and by the way may we whisper that Bishop Marbeau on page 22 becomes Archbishop Marbeau on page 56, and that the exhortation to the dead Boches on page 168 is—but no doubt the French of an earlier Bishop of Meaux is much more than they deserve. Miss Aldrich heard from an officer that, with a favourable wind, the big guns could be heard at a distance of a hundred kilometres; we in the Vosges used in 1916 to hear the guns at Verdun, which is very much farther, but the shock travelled through the earth, not through the air.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

HARLEQUINADE.*

Parts of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new novel irresistibly recall the harlequinade with which our pantomimes used to conclude a bewildering evening. The whole book is as much helter-skelter entertainment, so that we seem to see what the late H. G. Pellissier called "the whirl before your eyes"; but at its worst it is like the harlequinade. That is when Mr. Mackenzie is being at all costs "funny." The funny parts are the inferior parts of "Sylvia Scarlett." The best parts are those in which narrative, at times dilatory, at times rapid, catches the reader as well as the author and bears him along. The Prologue is thus easily the best portion of the whole book. It recalls the dexterity of "The Passionate Elopement." It belongs to the early part of the nineteenth century, and it has a delightful ease and grace. Then, again, the early life of Sylvia brings vivid recollections of "Carnival," in which book Jenny Pearl (like Sylvia) had her genuine childhood. As "Carnival," however, lost its way in a mass of luxuriant details of west country scenery and conventional melodrama, so does "Sylvia Scarlett," by developing into harlequinade, cease to impress the reader as a vital whole. It becomes a reckless and unconsecutive series of rapidities, of ridiculous episodes and flights, until one breathlessly catches at any rival book which possesses unity. It becomes what is inexactly called a picaresque novel, which is as though one should say it lost interest as a whole in the erratic interests of passing events. So, it is true, do our lives appear when we are submerged in events. If the novelists' business were only to record events "Sylvia Scarlett" would be a good novel, because there is an unfailing succession of scenes grave and gay, in most of which Sylvia appears as a lay figure. She is there, a girl amid men and women, and temptations and excitements, as girls must always be in any active kind of modern life. But if the aim of the novelist is to give form and colour to the queer mixture of which we are conscious as touching our own characters at every turn, then Mr. Mackenzie has failed in the novelist's task. He presents us with huge numbers of people, all as clearly differentiated (one must hope) as Fielding's two landladies; he runs us hither and thither, from land to land, from person to person, from one variety of experience to another; but he does not succeed in interesting us in his principal character. Sylvia tastes all kinds of danger and emotions. She is dressed as a boy, she meditates among the tombstones, she plays in a troupe of entertainers, wanders into a side-show at an exhibition, marries, seeks shadier paths, does theatrical work, over and over again runs away with ebullient young males. And all the time she is only a girl to whom these experiences happen. Mr. Mackenzie sketches character with great cleverness; he has a quick eye for an effect and a contrast; but he cannot give his book the unity of a single interest. As a skimming of life the book is veracious. It has all sorts of interests as a free-hand drawing from actuality. Much observation is shown in its pages. It is almost free from those splashes of style which gave his earlier work the air of young Oxford showing its paces. And, finally, it never

* "The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett." By Compton Mackenzie. 6s. net. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

makes us feel agony at the risks Sylvia is running in her headstrong pursuit of affairs. That is its weakness—that it is not a whole, but only a loosely-woven series of excitements in the life of a girl who, with all her excellently-rendered characteristics, does not succeed in standing clear from her surroundings. She is not, that is to say, individualised; though the minor realities of the book are innumerable. It is full of little sketches that one feels to be exact and finely rendered. It shows in many passages a genuine talent that gives Mr. Mackenzie a high place among our novelists. But it follows a structureless convention that has been superseded for good reasons; and it is less a novel than an exhibition of talent perversely employed.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

PRE-EXISTENCE.*

The art of Mr. Algernon Blackwood has presented to us many phases of traditional occult doctrine and also of practice, transmuted in the alembic of literature; and his illustrations of this kind of alchemy have been convincing on the score of attainment. He knows the old subjects, and in the wide range of their dreams and reveries, not to speak of what may be veridic amidst them, he has found his own wide field for the work of the shaping spirit. Better, I think, than he does no one visualises the strange hierarchies of Paracelsus; the Ætnæi, Salamanders and other igneous spirits; the Durdales, who are woodland denizens, and Sylvestres, their elder brothers—allied to the classical fauns; the Lorinds and Undines; the Sylphs of air and Melusiniæ, with others of the genus Nymphæ in the free fields of heaven; and that last class—most human of all Sagani—the Gnomes and Trarames, rapping and throwing spirits in mines and cavernous profundities. Here is a selection only from the antique German mythology, in part perhaps devised, but borrowed for the most part by the Sage of Hohenheim from mediæval folklore. They are the hidden life and intelligence which people the world of elements, some few spans and no

* "Karma." By Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

farther beyond the normal range of sight. We may not find them under the old names, but they are for ever slipping round the street corners and over the forest tracks in the realm of Mr. Blackwood's explorations. He has the freedom of their palaces and solitudes and has learned to speak their language. In part at least, they have told him their secrets, and have unveiled their ways of being. Nor yet is this all, for in his work are now and then, as it were, echoes and reflections which come to us from beyond all plummets of the senses, like an eye of heaven itself which opens unawares and reveals deeps of splendour. It is for such cause, I think, that not a few of us are looking for some greater work than all, speaking from the heart of universal Nature and announcing things which have been intimated of a truth, there and here in Mr. Blackwood's books, but have not as yet been expounded fully. He will look to it, I hope, and remember. Now, "Karma" is after another manner, for it belongs to an old belief about human life and being, which is apart from all the mythologies, the fables and all the faerie—an eastern dream of the æons. It is a beautiful story—carried on through ages and ages—of soul rejoined to soul by a marriage of male and female in successive bodies of flesh, till there comes at last a day in this our modern world when she who has been "little child," enters into plenary understanding and a great star of life and purpose rises over both. The tale is cast into dramatic form and begins among the mysteries of Egypt, 2000 B.C., under the shadow of a great temple. It ends in the diplomatic world of modern London. It is at once a story of doom and a soul's comedy, the title implying that there is something to be worked out and worked off. The pity of it is that the name and its thesis have been officialised by the conventions of modern occult speculation; indeed Mr. A. P. Sinnett wrote a novel under this designation—it is nigh upon thirty years since. However, Mr. Blackwood's "Karma" is not exactly the Karma—as it seems to me—of Modern Theosophy, being that doctrine precisely which Ramanathan—a distinguished eastern mystic—refused to discuss when he was speaking to certain *zelatores* during one of his visits to England. The book takes me back to excellent old Joseph Glanvil and his *Lux Orientalis*, on the pre-existence of souls, which he offered in the seventeenth century as "a key to the Grand Mysteries in respect of Sin and Misery." Well, in fine, the "re-incarnation play" is after Mr. Blackwood's own good manner, and if I have not mentioned Miss Violet Pearn, his collaborator, previously in this notice, it is because they have worked so well together that I know not one from the other.

A. E. Waite.

THE SAD YEARS.*

In the sympathetic memoir that prefaces this posthumous volume by Dora Sigerson, Katharine Tynan says, touching on the end of a life that had been happy till these latter years overclouded it: "Her breakdown in health was sudden. She attributed it herself to an intense and isolated suffering—isolated beyond the perfect sympathy of her devoted husband—over the events following Easter week, 1916, in Dublin, and the troubles that menaced the country she adored. I think she need not have felt so bitterly isolated; the spirit of humanity is strong in the good English—and the good English are very good—but the fact remains that she broke her heart over it all. . . ."

A sense of this heartbreak runs through nearly all her last poems; there is in nearly all of them a note of farewell, a wistful turning away from life as if the burden of it had grown too heavy to be borne and she were already "half in love with easeful death." Man's inhumanity to man baffled and bewildered her, till she appealed despairingly to God:

> "Is this, indeed, Thy man, that Thou hast made,
> Is this Thy likeness, and are these Thy ways?"

* "The Sad Years." Poems by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). With a portrait. 5s. net. (Constable.)

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XUM

The same despair is in "Progress: 1914–1918"; in "October, 1915"; in the passionate protest of "The Question." It is the despair that comes of failing health and such sleeplessness as is pictured so poignantly in "The Hours of Illness":

"How slow creeps time! I hear the midnight chime,
And now late revellers prepare for sleep;
A last gay voice rings in a passing rhyme,
And past my door the anxious footsteps creep. . . ."

And the bitterest despair of all is in the last poem, "An Old Proverb," which broods over the horrors of war, the passing sorrows and joys of the world, and sighs that:

"In a thousand years
It will be all the same.
Which of us was to blame?
What will it matter then?"

The profound sadness of the poems would be intolerable but for the beauty that is in them too—beauty of thought and fancy and feeling that are the ecstasy of grief and, as stars that shine in the darkness, make its night more lovely than the day. There are things that one turns back to for the delight of reading again, such as "The Comforters," "Nora," "A Song for Evaleen," and "I Saw Children Playing"—perhaps the most touching lyric in the book and the most characteristic of it:

"I saw children playing, dancing in a ring,
Till a voice came calling, calling one away;
With sad backward glances she went loitering,
Hoping they would miss her and so cease to play. . . .

"So as I went chatting through the city's hum,
With my old companions laughing on the way,
Came a voice low calling, calling me to come
To my lonely sleeping, leaving work and play.

"With sad, mournful glances do I look to see
If a heart should loving pause and turn aside
From the happy circles and then come to me,
Sighing, 'Do not leave us—still with us abide.'

"No! they still are playing, chatting in a ring,
Eager voices seeking other games to know.
Lone, I go protesting—hear them laugh and sing,
Feeling not my absence, heeding not my woe."

A SCOTTISH KIRK.*

Though it has now lost its identity in a larger union, the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland was a great force in its day. Its leaders were men big in brain and large of heart, many of them sprung from the pious peasantry of the country. John Cairns, for instance, has been spoken of as a sort of personification of the U.P. system. Cairns himself might almost be called its "soul," and in that case, we have a presentation of U.P.ism at its highest. To be sure, this particular section of the Scottish Kirk had its roots much farther back than Cairns's day, but its most glorious epoch came to fruition when Cairns was Principal, and when men like John Ker and John Brown were the gracious luminaries of the U.P. firmament.

The U.P. Church stood for three things. It was intensely democratic: it was undeniably spiritual, and because it was spiritual it grew to be *the* missionary denomination in Scotland. Its scholarship was hardly as considerable as that of the other great churches of the North. It produced, however, a set of celebrated pulpit orators, and it made a noble contribution to the literature of the land. Among poets it gave us Ralph Erskine (one of its founders) whose "Gospel Sonnets" was long a household book lying on dusty window shelves beside Boston's "Fourfold State" and other curious old-world disquisitions. We cannot forget that Michael Bruce—to whom is certainly owing the cream of the Scottish Paraphrases—came of good Seceder stock. So did Robert Pollok, author of "The Course of Time," who was a licentiate of the church. So was Thomas Davidson, *the* Scottish Probationer *par excellence*, made known to the world through Dr. James Brown's fascinating biography. The greatest literary worker in the U.P. Church was George Gilfillan, who did more to foster a love of literature in the Scottish youth of his own and a much later period than perhaps any other man in Scotland. And the supreme literary artist in the U.P. body was Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends"—that half-hour's lecturette at Biggar (as was its origin) which will live as long as the language lasts.

It is interesting to recall that Carlyle, nurtured in the bosom of the Secessionists, might have been a U.P. minister; that Burns "sat under" an Anti-Burgher divine at Dumfries; that a considerable crony of Scott was Dr. Jamieson of the "Scottish Dictionary"—"an excellent good man and full of auld Scottish cracks."

Of all these—and more—a faithful account has been furnished in Mr. Woodside's skilfully-manipulated chapters. He writes with feeling and insight what does not profess to be a history, but is, nevertheless, a satisfying and stimulating record of a church, whose fruits of independence, and integrity, and intellectual stability, were surely the best evidence of a living soul within.

W. S. CROCKETT.

* "The Soul of a Scottish Church." By the Rev. David Woodside, B.D., Glasgow. 6s. (United Free Church of Scotland Publications Department.)

MODERN SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.*

The name of Cardinal Mercier has passed, for the time being at least, from the record of events in Belgium and his personality from its terrible pageant. It might not be difficult to ascertain where moves now the slight, picturesque figure with the grave, intellectual face; but it is enough to rest assured that he is about the business of his country and his church, within and without the archdiocese of Malines. A further memorial of his life in thought is before me, being the expected second volume of his work on Scholastic Philosophy, presented in modern form and reflecting its light of criticism—a touchstone for those who are concerned—on modern problems and modern points of view. In noticing the first volume of this excellent translation I enumerated such characteristics and set down such impressions as arrested the mind of one independent reader. The undertaking is here completed. We have in the first place a complete presentation of Natural Theology; its very subtle distinctions on the idea of the Divine Being conceived in the mind; its "proofs of the existence of God," embodying and examining arguments and considerations from Anselm, Augustine and above all Thomas Aquinas; its tabulation and distribution of rational notions concerning the metaphysical essence of God; and lastly its summary sketch of Divine Activity—*ad intra*, in the thought and will of God, and subsequently *ad extra*, in the creation, conservation and government of the universe. It seems to me—but I speak as one who is detached, because there are other worlds in which the Divine is realised, beyond and more intimately than in this brilliant world of debate—that here is a contribution to the greatest of natural subjects made from an intellectual throne, and that it is as wine and sunshine compared with the moonlight and water of the Paley school. A long treatise on logic comes next in the list; but I confess that I have passed it over, having "brushed" it in doing so with the "extreme flounce" of Mrs. Browning's astonishing phrase. "The final cause of logical order" suggests dread matters of research, yet I found one crumb of comfort, since it appears that the "orderly arrangement of

* "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." By Cardinal Mercier. Authorised Translation, Vol. II. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan, Paul.)

our ideas is no guarantee of truth." One knew already that truth, Divine Essence, and all these desirable ends of being have an unsearchable aptitude for slipping through the mesh of a syllogism, but one might have doubted whether Modern Scholastic Philosophy would admit so much. It is understood and affirmed therefore that truth is extrinsic to logic, though it is the final end of this. The third division of the volume is a study of ethics, which—in the words of one of the Secret Rituals—takes us speedily "where we should be always in spirit, namely, to the Throne of God," for it tells us how man has one end, which is not in anything created but in God only; and whereas moral goodness is in conformity with this supreme end, so moral evil is the condition of being in separation therefrom. These sections are followed by certain outlines of the History of Philosophy and they are of conspicuous interest, for they may be taken to present the last word and considered views of the Latin Church on post-Kantian and contemporary theses. It is explained in the final paragraphs that Neo-Scholastic Philosophy may be said to have originated during the pontificate of Leo XIII., though a new vigour was given to the old forms by Liberatore, Taporrelli and Carnoldi towards the end of the nineteenth century. The *Institut de Philosophie* at Louvain was its first home, under the direction of the Cardinal Primate of Belgium, then Mgr. Mercier, who is directly or otherwise responsible for the sections of this volume, those on Special Ethics and the History of Philosophy excepted.

A. E. Waite.

THE DOMINIE—NEW STYLE.*

It seems to be a fixed habit of mankind to bestow the name of "New" upon anything particularly old and stale as, for instance, the New Woman, the New Hun our, and the New Laid Egg. Now things may be properly called New and yet be ancient, they having earned their title in the beginning, as in such cases as New College, the New River and the Pont Neuf, the last of which has become a proverb of antiquity. Add to these the things that are really new and never called so, and you see the fine possibilities of confusion. Therefore, when a book proclaims in its title a special novity (to use Lamb's word), we must be pardoned if, for a moment, we are suspicious. Teaching (especially in its least amiable forms) being one of the primal instincts, we ask in doubt if there really can be anything new about it. A few of the writers in this very volume seem at such pains to insist upon their novity, that one almost suspects a doubt in their minds too.

There is, for instance, the great principle of correlation, of connecting related subjects, and especially hand activities with brain activities. I have seen with my own eyes a proudly exhibited collection illustrating the correlation of handwork with English literature. The poem chosen for the operation was Browning's "How They Brought the Good News," and the process was simply the representation of things named in the poem by paper or cardboard models. Thus, there was a stirrup, and a saddle, and a wall, and a gate (with practicable bolt), and so on. I do not venture to question the value of the exercise, but I am doubtful of its newness. I seem to recall the doctrines of a quite early educationist:

"We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system, C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When a boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it."

I don't know that the principle has ever been better put.

But, after all, there is a new teaching, a kind of teaching that would astonish the old-time pedagogue by its methods and its results. Even here, however, I feel that the modern spirit cannot be better described than in the words of a now elderly writer, the creator of Sylvestre Bonnard. Perhaps the editor and authors of the present volume will forgive

* "The New Teaching." Edited by John Adams, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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me if, instead of quoting them, I recall the conversation of the dear old bookworm with Maître Mouche, when he wishes to rescue Jeanne from the clutches of that French Miss Pinkerton, the detestable Mademoiselle Préfère:

"The notary then took it upon himself to justify Mademoiselle Préfère's educational system, and observed by way of conclusion, 'It is not by amusing oneself that one can learn.'

"'It is only by amusing oneself that one can learn,' I replied. 'The whole art of teaching is only the art of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds for the purpose of satisfying it afterwards; and curiosity itself can be vivid and wholesome only in proportion as the mind is contented and happy. The acquirements crammed by force into the minds of children simply clog and stifle intelligence. In order that knowledge may be properly digested, it must have been swallowed with a good appetite. . . . I would teach Jeanne to live in sympathy with all that is beautiful—comely landscapes, the ideal scenes of poetry and history, the emotional charm of noble music. . . . And in order that she should have a still higher pleasure, I would train her to find delight in exercising charity. And, inasmuch as none of us may escape pain, I should teach her that Christian wisdom which elevates us above all suffering, and gives a beauty even to grief itself.'"

It is the theory of Wordsworth and of the modern "play-way" perfectly stated.

Professor Adams in his illuminating chapter on the New Teaching is at some pains to rebut the charge that this "play-way" of teaching is a "soft pedagogy." Much more convincing even than his sound argument is the general effect of his contributors' papers. Such essays as those of Mr. de Glehn on modern languages, of Dr. Nunn on science, of Mr. Strachan on mathematics, of Mr. Fairgrieve on geography and of Messrs. Keatinge and Hasluck on history will convince any but the wilful ones that the new teaching means an almost appalling expenditure of energy and that the real "soft pedagogy" was the old. The French teacher (old style) set his pupils to work with a book and then quietly corrected their exercises; the new teacher is hard at it all the time, talking, questioning, answering, acting, and using never a word of English all through the lesson. There is no comparison between modern science teaching (so admirably described by Dr. Nunn) and the old, in which the pupil got up prescribed pages of the textbook, watched a few faked experiments, learned to draw apparatus from blackboard copies, or performed a piece of elementary analysis by the ritual of a prescribed table. Those were the good old days in which (as Dr. Nunn tells us) a Whitechapel evening school could head the list with its number of passes in Agriculture. And as for classics, in which one had thought that teachers would rub on in the old hereditary way for ever, the change here is most extraordinary. That boys should be speaking Latin before they encounter as much as a declension sounds too good to be true; yet that is what happens at the Perse School under Dr. Rouse, who describes the miracle here. But this kind of miracle cometh not out but by prayer and fasting. In the elementary schools, too, the same story holds. Under the old regime of "payment by results," when nothing more was expected than the successful hustling of a class through a simple examination in three subjects once a year, the teacher's life was possibly strenuous, but certainly simple; now that the aim is education and not examination, his life is even more strenuous and harassingly complicated into the bargain. The new teaching (like a much advertised political remedy) means more work for all.

Professor Adams has done a public service in compiling this book; for, from its pages, the general reader (*i.e.*, the ratepayer and taxpayer) can learn something about the aims and methods of the best teaching, and will see the teachers themselves, not (as so often of late) as discontented persons clamouring for better payment, but as public servants with high aims, living lives of continuous strain and uncovenanted effort, and always seeking for a better way. These are the people to whom that great educationist Mr. Bernard Shaw proposes to give "thirty shillings a week and the status of dog-trainers." They will appreciate the unintended compliment. The bilious buffoon who has ceased to draw is a common object of the circus.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

WREN'S WIFE. By Cyril Russell. 6s. net. (Collins.)

Wren was an anomaly among Irishmen—he had no redeeming quality. Somehow we find ourselves questioning if the author need have inflicted him on Ireland or Canada either, seeing that this whim serves no purpose, and only throws a certain air of remoteness around what should have remained a definite and not altogether disagreeable figure. For a parallel to the fascinating way in which he nurses a flattering and inveterate hatred against his friend, the anonymous narrator, we have to go back to "The Master of Ballantrae" or "Caleb Williams." The result is a series of early chapters which make a forbidding and uncharacteristic opening to a story that clearly deserved a better augury. Once Wren enters on his curious wager, the tone of the book lightens and the author's peculiar turn for invention comes in. Wren's wife begins to breathe again, and the reader dares to hope against hope that the knot is to be unravelled without horrors. This expectation is fulfilled in most ingenious ways, for every surprise is well contrived, and the narrator touches his triumph with a whimsical exercise of quiet power that enforces one's ungrudged admiration. You forget the early clouds over the book, the uneasy grouping, and the rather crackling dialogue. Instead, you perceive that the author has been following out a decided plan with freshness and merit in it, and you congratulate yourself that there is a good and natural ending well in sight. "Stilts," the author's previous book, was clever and promising, but it fell a long way short of the merit that is manifest here, and we can see a future for a young novelist who can write so well. Most novels—something like eighty or ninety per cent., one imagines—suffer from unconcealable fatigue on the part of the writer, and fade away from visions into something resembling repudiation or despair. "Wren's Wife" is free from this very common weakness, for the second half of the book is twice as good as the first, and shows a growing consciousness of power over characterisation and plot. Note, for instance, the ease and restraint with which Wren's stratagem and finish are conveyed; the same also with regard to the way in which the narrator takes his chance of missing the heroine by making a trip to the West Indies to break the news of her release and bring her back. Chances like these used to be a favourite device in fiction until Mr. Hardy and his school spoiled them by turning them too often to cross-purposes, and one is glad to see them brought back for the use of a story like this, where there is nothing to offend the sense of probability, and where the development of a human and engaging situation is secured in a perfectly natural manner.

KING SILENCE. By Arnold H. Payne. 6s. net. (Jarrold.)

This novel resolves itself into a plea for a fuller and more enlightened education for the deaf. With no mean literary talent the author tells his story—for it is in the form of a story the doings of the silent people are described, and the sketches of student life in the American College of Sicard are peculiarly attractive. Mr. Arnold H. Payne stands for a humane common sense in the treatment of the deaf, and he writes with knowledge and experience of the subject. Against him are a certain number of scientific specialists who will hear of nothing but the German method, the oral method, for the speechless, and object to signs and hand language. (In spite of the war the deaf are still generally the victims of these specialists, and the manual and combined schools, Mr. Payne points out, are by no means given the encouragement they deserve.) Incidentally the author combats, with statistical aid, the notion that the deaf must not marry lest their offspring be similarly afflicted. "King Silence" should be read by all to whom the speechless are a trust, and by the general reader for the information it contains.

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In a singularly well-constructed book Mr. Bridges has given us almost as much of a rough and strenuous romance of Australia as his three hundred pages will hold. His story of the emergence of Edward Lewes from a city slum into rural and domestic content with his grandfolk, and then into a strenuous success back in the city, whence his son goes out into the turmoil of the war, has been well and sufficiently varied by the author's vivid faculty of telling a tale, as well as by his power of getting the right curves upon his invention. Few things could be more gripping or dramatic than the scene at the finish where an hereditary taint of unfaithfulness leads him up to an impelling temptation, and then the news of his lad's death at Gallipoli brings him back to his own real self and duty. We have had so many war-heroes figuring in the centre of the stage that it comes almost with a touch of relief to view the war from the other side of the earth. We gain much more freshness and force from this blow to the hero's hopes by striking at his pride of fatherhood, and we feel that we have come into a reward and a relief which we have earned. But the earning, so far as this book goes, is a pleasure and an opportunity in itself.

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"Gad love me, sir, what are you about with your hat?"
"I am about to put it on, sure, nephew."
"O Lard, sir, never do so, I beg!"
"In heaven's name why not?"
"Because 'tis never done, sir. Fie, 'tis a curst barbarian act never committed by the 'ton'!"
"But damme, Tom, what are hats for?"
"To show off one's hand, sir, to fan one's self gracefully, to be borne negligently 'neath the arm, to point a remark or lend force to an epigram, to woo and make love with, to offend and insult with, 'tis for a thousand and one things, sir, but never, O never, to put on one's head—'tis a practice unmodish, reprehensible and altogether damnable!"

So the dialogue sparkles along. All who enjoy a full-flavoured romance told with a dancing, mischievous wit and freely besprinkled with duels, strange oaths, masquerades, pretty sentiment and elegant manners, will want to read "Our Admirable Betty."

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> "But now he's ever present. Eye and ear
> And busy thought are never now alone:
> Whoe'er is distant, he is always near—
> Never so ever near, as now he's gone."

And the last stanza of "The Garden" is well worth quoting. The father has been thinking that its beauty is now vanished, its music silenced and its fragrance wasted.

> "Ah! beauty deeper than the eye can see,
> And fragrance finer than can fill the air,
> And songs more sweet than sylvan melody,
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£10, £5, & £2 for the best Short Story, Article, and Poem have been sent to Mr. Kenneth Watkins for "Cupid on the Bend," appearing in the July Number of *Pearson's Magazine*; Mr. Dennis Wood for "The Left Hand Man," which appeared in *London Opinion* of March 16th; and Mr. Michael Lewis for "The Girl He Ought to Have Left Behind Him," which appeared in *Punch* of April 3rd.

Three Consolation Prizes also awarded.

Particulars of further Prizes offered to the value of £140 for stamp:—CAMBRIDGE LITERARY AGENCY, 8, Henrietta Street, W.C.2.

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we are given a glimpse of the Indian poet's personality. Mr. Fraser also contributes a note on the History of the Sonnet in English Literature, which should be most useful to those who only reply, when asked to define a sonnet, "a short poem limited to fourteen lines." The spirit of Nizamat Jung is that of the true poet, and the book deserves success.

THE CALL OF THE WORLD. By Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia, M.A. 5s. net. (Dent.)

"The Call of the World" is an account of a fourteen-months' tour round the world taken by a learned Parsee of Bombay. Mr. Wadia insists greatly on his Zoroastrianism, and on the right to deliver his opinions freely on the war and on every topic under the sun. He is shocked at a young lady in Canada deciding to become a nurse on the death of her father: "An officer's daughter going to nurse common soldiers! Outrageous! Do you know the risks you run by associating with vulgar men?" The explanation for this outburst is "my old Oriental class pride and two hundred years of race-culture." Mr. Wadia also explains that Zoroastrianism, unlike Christianity or Buddhism, does not preach altruism or self-sacrifice, but stands for "egoism and duty to one's self." Naturally calling himself "a devoted disciple of Nietzsche" Mr. Wadia laments we have no great general at the head of the Army. However, he is an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Marie Corelli and her novels, finds the late Brigham Young "a man after my own heart" and approves the polygamy of the founders of Mormonism as "a proof positive of extraordinary virility." Daudet's "Salome" and a novel by "Victoria Cross" also come in for commendation. Everybody treated Mr. Wadia with great kindness on his tour, but the Circle at San Francisco unkindly thought him "a commonplace young man in commonplace dress with commonplace ways." None the less, there are good things in his book and it makes interesting reading.

TROPIC DAYS. By E. J. Banfield. 16s. net. (Unwin.)

We are told by Mr. Banfield that the normal white population of his little island off the coast of North Queensland numbers three. A good many of the illustrations are from photographs by W. E. Perroux, and if he is one of the permanent inhabitants, one wonders whether the rest of the white population is a remarkable sculptor or musician. Some of the photographs, particularly of seashore views under various weather conditions, are extraordinarily good; and of the writing it is perhaps scarcely necessary to speak, for Mr. Banfield's reputation is made. In this book he tells us much about the strange birds and the vegetation of his beloved island, while for other readers the account of his aborigine neighbours will be extremely fascinating. He reproduces, no doubt very faithfully, their attempts on the English language; that one who learned to speak correctly had a most tragic fate. Seldom in fact have we read anything more horrible and more pathetic than the tale of poor Soosie, the black child who was saved—for some years—from her own people. There is the story of a regal personage called Cassowary who in his old age was in such fear of assassination (though all his worldly goods appear to have been a few rags) that he scarcely ever assuaged the pangs of hunger. The other natives apologise for his surliness. They pity and excuse him and endeavour to soothe him. And to the strangers whom Cassowary—the greatest canoe-builder of his day—has never loved and would now assault with spear and nulla-nulla, they apologise: "Poor fella, Cassowary. Him no good. Close up that fella finis." There are excellent chapters on the blacks as fishermen, on the pearls and snakes and frogs, on the remarkable cook on the yacht of the Chief Protector of Aborigines, on certain Chinamen and on a variety of other topics. But an island of such beauty, of such gorgeous vegetation, such fascinating stretches of shore and such a climate does surely deserve a more euphonious name.

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TRUANT HAPPINESS	Mme. Albanesi
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By GEORGE GOODCHILD. 1s. 9d. net. (Jarrold.)

A companion volume to Mr. Goodchild's very successful collection of "Umpteen Yarns" from the trenches. A preface warns us that the truthfulness of all these anecdotes is not guaranteed. The naval man is the most genial and obliging of mortals, and when you ask him for stories and he can't remember any, sooner than disappoint you he will sometimes give you—well, stories. None the less, those who are looking for amusement only will find it, and plenty of it, in "Pinches of Salt."

A FLOATING HOME.

By CYRIL IONIDES and J. B. ATKINS. With Illustrations in colour by Arnold Bennett, plan and photographs. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

For purposes of economy, Mr. Ionides resolved to give up his house on dry land, buy himself a good-sized sailing barge, have it adapted to residential purposes, and make his home on the water. In "A Floating Home" he tells you in detail how this scheme was successfully carried out, and precisely what it all cost him. From his descriptions and photographs you gather that the barge was transformed into a home that is both artistic and convenient, and that he and his family find more delight in it than they did in a conventional dwelling-house ashore. They anchor along the Essex coast, removing from place to place free of charge whenever they want a change of scene, and always keeping within reach of a railway so that Mr. Ionides may conveniently go daily to his business in town. All these practical matters are narrated in a lively and entertaining fashion and the narrative is interspersed with delightfully humorous sketches and stories of the quaint and amusing characters the barge-dwellers have met with in the course of their adventures. Mr. Arnold Bennett's charming water-colour sketches add considerably to the attractiveness of this very enjoyable book.

From **A Floating Home** (*Chatto & Windus*).

A BARGE AT SUNSET IN THE LOWER THAMES.

SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS.

By JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON. With frontispiece in colour. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

Although in the main these songs are of Canada, there are some among them that do honour in vigorous, glowing verse to the great deeds that have been done by the British Empire at large on land and sea and in the air. "Canada to America" pays splendid tribute to the American who fought in a Canadian battalion before his own country entered the war, and waved the American flag from the crest of Vimy Ridge when he and his comrades captured it. "A Song of the Flag" is a song of all the men who fight or have died under it—

> "In half a hundred weary lands
> Their bones for ever lie,
> But every soldier spirit stands
> To see the Flag go by."

There are tenderness and emotion in some of the poems, satire and irony in two or three, but the prevailing notes are a stirring patriotism and a burning love of brave men and brave doings.

THE TALE OF A TERRITORIAL.

Being a Record of Experiences at home and abroad during the years 1914, 1915 and 1916. (Wellingborough: Perkins & Co.)

Almost as frank and intimate as a private diary, this narrative of a Territorial officer's experiences from the outbreak of war till he was invalided home from Gallipoli in 1916 is one of the most detailed and interesting of such records we have come across. There are vividly realistic pictures of the life in camp and billet, and of the grim horrors of the fighting line. There are some capital character sketches of officers and men: the writer has a sense of humour and a style that is unaffected and interesting. A supplementary note gives a brief account of his experiences in Palestine since he rejoined his regiment in January, 1917.

PLANE TALES FROM THE SKIES.

By WING ADJUTANT. 2s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

A series of thrilling and admirably written stories all founded on fact and embodying the actual experiences of pilots and observers chiefly on the Western Front. The opening chapter tells briefly and graphically of the twelve Victoria Crosses won since August, 1914, by officers and men of the R.F.C. before the formation of the Royal Air Force.

IN A LAND OF LOST ILLUSION.

By MULVY OUSELEY. 6s. net. (Grafton.)

It is surely sufficient testimonial to this writer's readability to say that his previous novel is now in its fiftieth thousand. "In a Land of Lost Illusion" is an ingenious story of a man who is reputed to have died in the cause of science, but who, for less creditable reasons, is still alive and, unknown to those who knew him, is living out his days under an assumed name. His existence is a matter of importance to more persons than himself, including his only much adored son; but whether he discloses his identity and his object in concealing it the reader will do well to discover for himself. The plot is complex, the threads of interest many, and the whole combine to make a readable romance.

XUM

From **Dreams: What They Are and What They Mean,** which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing.

COVER DESIGN, By Charles Norman.

THREADS FROM A WELSH LOOM.

By IRENE ARLINGHAM DAVIES. (Digby Long.)

This slender volume is evidently a first book, and while it shows considerable promise, its author has yet a good deal to learn. There are some pretty ideas and lyrical refrains in the twenty-seven poems collected here, some of which have been set to music. If Miss Davies will persevere in the study of technique we believe she has it in her to do good work, and shall look forward to her next book with interest.

YORKSHIRE SKETCHES.

By A. HALL. 2s. 6d. net. (Digby Long.)

Mrs. A. Hall's studies of Yorkshire life and character are amusing and realistic. The dialect, indeed, is so realistic at times that for the uninitiated it is perhaps a little difficult to get into the way of reading it with ease and consequently some of the humour is likely to be missed. Nevertheless, Emma Waddington's gossip, with her quaint philosophy and phrases, will be found highly entertaining, and the sketches from first to last prove the author to be a close and sympathetic observer of human nature.

From **Beatrice Ashleigh,** the brilliant new novel by Miss F. E. Mills Young, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published.

WRAPPER DESIGN (REDUCED).

LUCKY MR. LODER

By GUY THORNE. (Ward, Lock.)

Lucky, indeed, though it was not precisely the kind of luck which—in some of its manifestations—the ordinary man would wish to come his way. It might have appeared the height of ill-luck that an Oxford undergraduate paying a visit to a "super-barmaid" should have felt compelled to knock down the proctor who interrupted the *tête-à-tête*; yet, in the case of John Loder, it was but the starting point of a series of adventures the most hazardous and the most thrilling—adventures which include narrow escapes by land and sea, now in the apparently peaceful boudoirs of Berkeley Square, and now in the secret recesses of the Forbidden City of Pekin. Wonderful are the readiness and resource shown by the various members of the small party in which John Loder finds himself swept—readiness and resource which are necessary against the colossally powerful and unscrupulous Sir Abraham Chun, who—but the whole sensational romance must be read in Mr. Guy Thorne's pages.

From **Lucky Mr. Loder,** By Guy Thorne (*Ward, Lock*).

"——FIRED ONCE RIGHT IN THE CENTRE OF ITS FOREHEAD."

HIRA SINGH'S TALE.

By TALBOT MUNDY. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

The gallant exploits of the Indian Army in this war have provided Talbot Mundy with materials for a novel full of

From **The Flying Poilu** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **"A SEARCHLIGHT CAUGHT US IN ITS BEAMS."**

adventure. Never was a hero invested with greater resourcefulness than Ranjoor Singh, the senior Indian officer of the Sikh squadron that (according to the author) went into the firing line in France ahead of all other Indian regiments. What remained of his men after stiff fighting in the early days of the war had surrendered to the Germans, who packed them off to Germany. Nothing daunted, Ranjoor Singh succeeded in getting them sent to Turkey under the impression that they would join the Ottoman forces in the field. After their arrival in Constantinople the Indian officer manœuvred to get them placed on board a Turkish vessel. The German non-commissioned officer who could speak to the Sikhs in their own language and who had been set to watch over them, was overpowered, the captain of the ship was bribed, and the entire party was taken to Asia Minor. Thence Ranjoor Singh led them through Persia and Afghanistan to India, fighting Turks and Kurds every step of the way. The author gives a true picture of Sikh heroism, though he betrays, here and there, his lack of intimate knowledge of this fighting community which forms the backbone of the Indian Army. These blemishes, however, but slightly mar the story, which is interesting from cover to cover.

THE FLYING POILU.

By MARCEL NADAUD. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Flying Poilu," a story of aerial warfare, written by Marcel Nadaud, Observer-Bomber in the French Aviation Corps, is a work full of cheerfulness, excitement and high spirits; but whether the hero Chignole, a street urchin of Montmartre, who becomes successively mechanician, observer, and pilot, is a typical aviator or an idealised specimen of the class, is a point not so easily settled. Chignole's gaiety, efficiency, courage and good humour may probably be accepted as true to type; but his new-found decency and aspirations, his ready acceptance of the code he found prevailing among the social superiors he met with in the Aviation Corps, postulate a conversion which, having made all allowances for the transfiguring influences of war, we cannot easily take for granted. Chignole, however, is an amusing person and an original person, and no one who takes up the book of his adventures is likely to put it down unread and unenjoyed. The translation has been very carefully made by Frances Wilson Huard, and Charles Huard provides some clever drawings.

HOW WE TWISTED THE DRAGON'S TAIL.

By PERCIVAL HISLAM. 2s. net. Illustrated. (Hutchinson.)

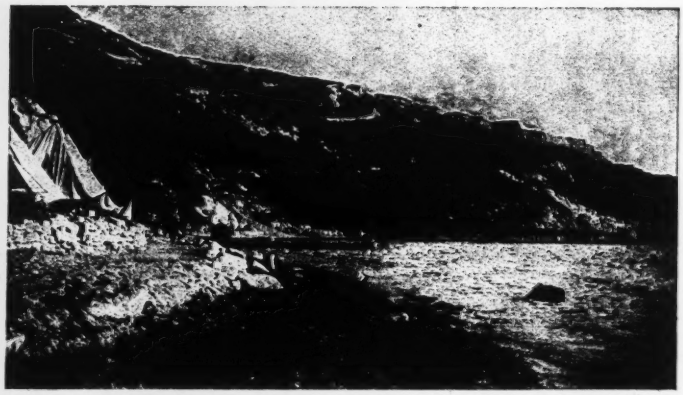
This is a graphic and ably-written narrative of the various attacks made by our Naval forces from the sea and from the air on Zeebrugge and Ostend Harbours, culminating in the brilliant raid of this year, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, when both harbours were sealed up by the sinking of old concrete-laden ships across the mouths of them. It was a daring enterprise, cleverly planned and daringly carried out, and Mr. Hislam's carefully detailed record of it does full justice to one of the most glorious and dramatic episodes of the war. A complete list is given of officers and men killed or wounded in the attack, and of the honours and special promotions awarded.

From **How We Twisted the Dragon's Tail** (*Hutchinson*). **ON ZEEBRUGGE MOLE: RESCUING WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.**

THE DEVOUT RUSSIAN.

By Rosa Newmarch. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

To such persons as care to concern themselves at the present moment with Muscovite religion and ecclesiasticism "The Devout Russian" may be heartily commended; despite the fact that the title of the volume must needs seem obviously ironical or rashly provocative in the autumn of 1918. Mrs. Rosa Newmarch's work is "a book of thoughts and counsels gathered from the saints and fathers of the Eastern Church and from modern Russian authors"; and, though these "thoughts and counsels" are marked by all that divorce from the ordinary practice of life which makes most devotional anthologies seem a disgust and weariness to the spirit, they appear to be well chosen and well arranged. Certainly there are not too many of them; for more than half of the book is devoted to biographies of the authors quoted from and to an account of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Orthodox Church. Slavonic mysticism has its attractive points, no doubt; but a perusal of "The Devout Russian" has convinced one English reader at least that there is more to be said for our own national empiricism in religious matters than is generally allowed by the Muftis.



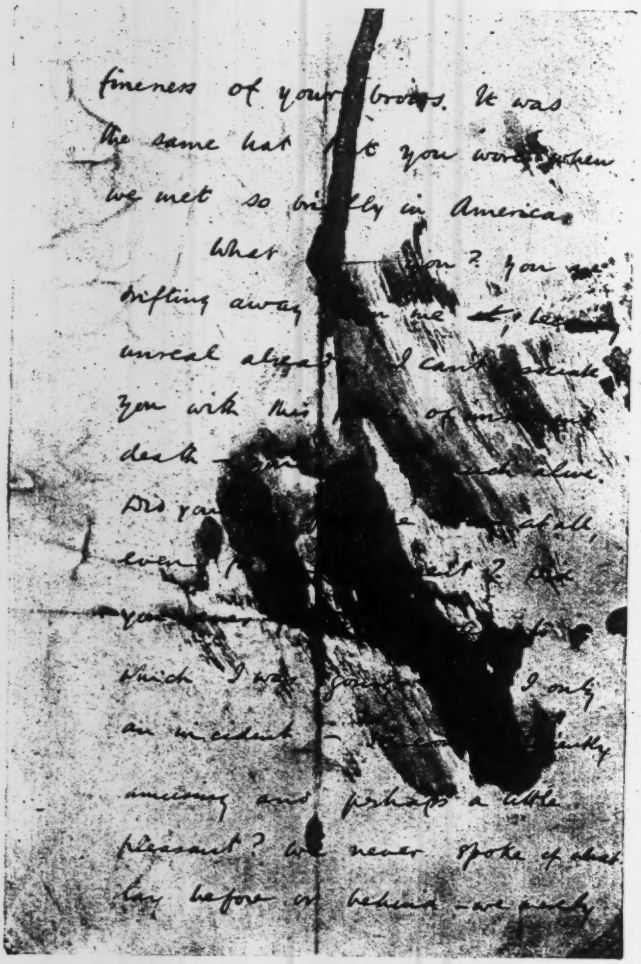
From **A Gallipoli Diary** (*Allen & Unwin*).

"Y" Beach, Cape Helles, where the K.O.S.B.'s landed on April 25, 1915, having to evacuate therefrom on the following day.

NEW ITALY.

By Helen Zimmern and Antonio Agresti. 6s. net. (Constable.)

When so many political treatises and surveys are self-contradictory, even when they proceed from a single pen, we can all the more sincerely enjoy and admire a real and unified piece of collaboration. Miss Zimmern has written frequently and well on various phases of modern Italy—she has been an unofficial liaison officer, one may say, between the two countries for many years—and some of the best of her writing was done in days when it was hardly the fashion to take Italy seriously. She was a holiday ground for archæologists, artists, historians, valetudinarians; but the enthusiasm in England awakened by Italy's heroic struggles in the Risorgimento time had died away into a mere rhetorical habit, and until Mr. Trevelyan came along, this great feat of self-emancipation had faded away in the mortal offence of her taking a share in the Triple Alliance. Here, as Miss Zimmern shows, Italy has been a long way ahead of her politicans, as every enlightened land ought to be, and that when the time for the indignant uprising of the world arrived, the Italian people joined the Allies "in the face of a vacillating Government and a Parliament which was largely antagonistic." It was in the same spirit of progress that the Italian public came into the Colonial wave of the period, and once they had realised that there can be no assured or serviceable system of emigration without an enterprising spirit equal to developing some waste tract of the earth, they concurred in the most recent of the North African schemes when their statesmen were still squabbling over ways and means, glory and blame. Yet Miss Zimmern and her collaborator are not mere railers against politicians, or given to the newspaper habit of thrashing idols and fetishes to atone for the fault of letting the worshippers go free—they give the unscrupulous Giolitti credit for improving and reconstructing the country in many respects, and even to the Austrians they grant a certain measure of praise for their administration towards the end. The Vatican, they believe, is "coming into line" over the war, and its best rebuke should be that though modern Italy is practical and modernistic in ways that the Vatican distrusts and we have not yet realised, she breathes the same spirit of liberty that she did in the Risorgimento and in many an earlier age, when the Vatican had less need of the spectacles of hesitation and apologetics. The book is thoroughly alive, and has a solid value for the English reader.

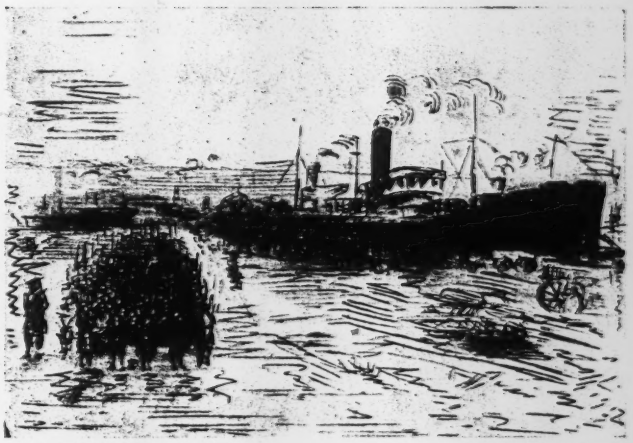


Facsimile sheet of MS. of "The Love of an Unknown Soldier," the remarkable book of love letters found in a dug-out and now published by Mr. John Lane.

CONSTANTINE: KING AND TRAITOR.

By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The report of the mission undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown to clear up misunderstandings in Greece is faithfully set down in these pages. Born in Greece but long settled in America, her husband an American, Mrs. Kenneth Brown went out to Greece with patriotic intent to bring the King and Venizelos together. The latter was at Salonika, and Constantine not yet deposed. Then "Couple Brown," as the Athenian Press described the visitors, worked indefatigably. They saw everybody of importance, heard what was to be said, received the confidences of Royalists and Venizelists, inspected numerous documents, endeavoured to turn Constantine from his pro-German inclinations, and finally decided—on good evidence—that the Royalists were hopeless. It is an amazing series of interviews here recorded, and the information extracted by Mrs. Kenneth Brown is valuable to all who would seek to understand the policy of Constantine and his advisers. The blunders of the British and French Governments in dealing with Greece before and since August, 1914, are neither concealed nor extenuated. But now Constantine and his pro-German Court have departed, and Venizelos is once more at the head of affairs, we hope, with Mrs. Kenneth Brown, for a happier Greece. Many portraits of "The Couple Brown" and of the various notables they interviewed add to the interest of the book.



From **The Fifty-first in France,** By Capt. R. B. Ross (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **DISEMBARKING.**

HOMELAND.

By Percy W. D. Izzard. 7s. 6d. net. (Richmond.)

This is the diary of "a year of country days." Readers of the *Daily Mail* familiar with the little pieces of descriptive writing contributed by Mr. Izzard to that paper, will surely be glad to have these contributions gathered up and bound in book form, and to study the changes of earth and sky, the movements of birds, the uprising and setting of flowers, and the notes on common objects of the country therein recorded. Mr. Izzard is an observant lover of rural life in the Eastern Counties of England, and has a sense of colour. Seven very pleasing illustrations by Florence L. Izzard and W. Gordon Mein accompany the procession of the seasons, and assist this record of the countryside.

From **Homeland,** By Percy Izzard (*John Richmond*). **THE WINDING ROAD.**

GOD AND TOMMY ATKINS.

By Dr. Alexander Irvine. 3s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

To stand up and lecture heroes is about the hardest job going—if only the clergy knew it. The obvious difficulty, if you think it over, is to impose abstractions on men who have graduated through action, or in other words, to practise the old contradiction of putting the horse behind the cart. Dr. Irvine belongs to the few chaplains who have done any soldiering themselves, so he is safe from all the elementary blunders of talking "hot air" and the rest of it. He gives his hearers stuff as solid and as telling as they want, and the men to whom these talks have been delivered—in camp, in hospital, in the munition shops and shipyards, or at the base—must have felt as they listened that this was a man of themselves who had also been through it all. He showed us his quality in that fine idyll of intensive poverty, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," and again in his own life-story, "From the Bottom Up," so that those who have read either will conceive a shrewd idea of the manly stuff the present book contains. It bolts away at all sorts of angles from the line of precept and didactics, until you wonder where it is taking you—but before the loop is finished the object has been achieved. The audience has been set a-thinking and thinking with the heart. Few men surely could listen unmoved to the artless tale of the foremast hand who faced a formidable trial by sending up a prayer that was all his own. He flashed a signal message to his Maker, and in his simplicity never conceived of its being taken down by a midnight watcher somewhere ashore. In his way Dr. Irvine makes us think repeatedly of Billy Hicks, and the messages he has flashed out in all directions are all of them worthy of permanent record in this profound and downright book.

XUM

From A Gallipoli Diary (*Allen & Unwin*).

29TH DIVISIONAL HEAD-QUARTERS, GULLY BEACH, AT THE FOOT OF THE GULLY HELLES.

THE LETTERS OF THOMASINA ATKINS.

6s. net. (Hodder.)

The gem of this book, being a record of the experiences that came to a private in the W.A.A.C.'s on active service in France, is the foreword by Miss Mildred Aldrich, whom we shall long remember for her wonderful little book, "A Hill-top on the Marne," a tiny record which makes a perfect observatory in miniature for all time of the first great turning-point of the war. Here in this generous and warm-hearted introduction she pays out her chaplet of laurel to the noble way in which the women of Great Britain have done their work over there—"work often sordid, often menial, never—or almost never—picturesque. There is no limelight shining on them. There are neither footlights nor public. There is only hard work and the sense of a duty to be done, and they have done that duty heroically." The rest of the book seems to be a no less creditable effort to show that it was all done in the airiest of airy spirits, and with a blithe determination not to allow the Boche or the burden to impair the valiant resolution of the workers. The key of the book is its happy-go-lucky temper, and the steady determination never to admit that there can be heroism in anybody but the troops, and other people—never in the person of the writer. That would be heresy to the spirit of the race.

From From Czar to Bolshevik, By E. P Stebbing (*John Lane*).

KERENSKY IN THE TRENCHES ON THE EASTERN FRONT, JUNE, 1917.

THE COUNTERBALANCE.

By PAUL TRENT. 5s.
(Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Trent is always interesting and not less so in this story, wherein the hero has to decide between right and—right. In dealing with a dying request Geoffrey Blair is given the choice of being unjust to his father and just to himself, or the reverse; so it is the contest between the feelings of a human being and those of a son. Solomon himself would have been puzzled over the problem. Mr. Trent has settled the matter very fairly and in a way which it will be best to let the reader learn for himself, since to reveal it prematurely would destroy the interest of the tale. The various characters are well described, as is their environment, and there is just enough of the war to bring the story up to date. Mr. Trent's most conspicuous failure is in delineating Hurst, whom he describes as bad through the mouths of his characters, yet who seems to act decently enough save in one instance. The man is neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring, one does not know how to place him; he is not white, he is not black, he is not even grey; yet something he must be, if one could only arrive at what that something is. And yet in this kind of fictional wobble, Mr. Trent is perhaps true to nature. But the result is certainly exasperating. "The Counterbalance" will be read with pleasure and ought to be read, if only for this person, or that, to decide how he, or she, would act in like circumstances. To choose between right and wrong is comparatively easy to the average man; to choose between right and right—well, this book may, or may not, afford a solution of the problem. But curiosity should stimulate a large sale.

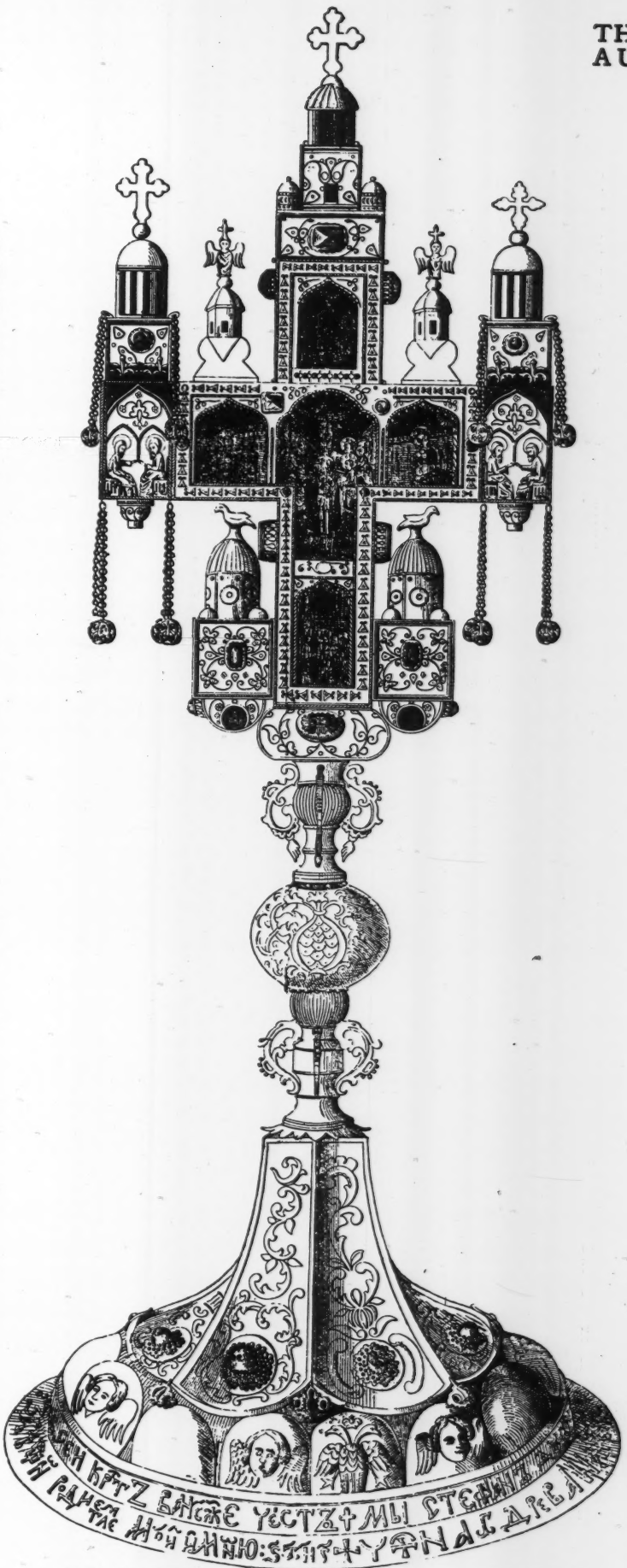
From From Czar to Bolshevik (*John Lane*).

KERENSKY IN PETROGRAD.

SOUTH SLAV MONUMENTS: SERBIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH.

Edited by MICHAEL J. PUPIN, Ph.D., Hon. D.Sc., LL.D., etc., Professor of Columbia University, Member of the French Academy of Science, etc., etc. With an Introduction by SIR THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, Bart., R.A. Cloth, 3 guineas; boards, 2 guineas. (Murray.)

In turning over the leaves of this fascinating book, one cannot help being amazed that it should have been possible to publish it during the war. That it reflects the highest credit upon all concerned is what every reader will say, and on closer inspection he will see that this book, which Mr. Murray has so magnificently produced, would have charmed us even if it had been arrayed in a less glorious garment. The religious buildings of the Serbian people are closely interwoven with their history. Our gallant Allies have had a stirring history, and the text which accompanies the pictures is like a torch in what, I am sure, has been for many of us mere darkness, and will henceforth be a cave of Aladdin. Nor is it necessary to go back into the Middle Ages: Tsar Dušan's Cross, for example, was given by that Tsar to the monastery of Dečani in 1348. It was brought by two monks to Cetinje in 1848, for the Prince Bishop Peter II. Njegoš wished to inspect this wonder of gold and wood. He admired it so much that he asked the monks to leave it at Cetinje, where it would be safe from the Turks, and he would give 50 ducats a year to Dečani. But in 1852 the monks at Dečani, owing to rumours that they had sold the Cross, came to take it back; they travelled, for greater safety, through Dalmatia and Croatia. In Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, they showed it to Count Jelačic, the Ban, who ordered a painting of it to be made, and it is from that painting that the illustration in this book was prepared. As Sir Thomas Jackson points out, in his interesting Introduction, the architecture of Serbia is based on Byzantine example, but is influenced from the West by the Romanesque of Dalmatia. The church of Gradac also displays some features in Early French Gothic, having been built by the French princess who married King Uros and died in 1314. It was in 1389 that the Serbs under Lazar were overwhelmed by the Turks on the fatal field of Kosovo, after which the architects either fled to Roumania or stayed and built mosques for the Turks. Thus the most beautiful mosque at Serajevo in Bosnia was built by a Serb. There is, by the way, a legend which says that the red poppies that cover the field of Kosovo will turn white when the land is at last liberated. In consequence of the Balkan War this part of the country was set free in 1912, but when Father Nicholai, Chaplain of the King of Serbia, who has supervised the arrangement and production of this book, was on the field of Kosovo in 1913, he found that the poppies had not



From South Slav Monuments (*John Murray*). DUSAN'S CROSS.

yet changed their colour; he inquired of a peasant, who shook his head and replied that perhaps the country would have to undergo further trials before being liberated—an answer that must have deeply moved the poet in Father Nicholai, for he is a poet even when preaching in English. This book will replace him when he is able to go back to his monastery and we are left in England without his picturesque presence, his mingling of pathos and laughter, of tragedy and enthusiasm. He has endeared Serbia to many of us. May the years bring white poppies to all the lands of Jugo-Slavia. . . . It is interesting, by the way, to observe that the church of Milutin, in Sofia, has now had to change its name, as Milutin, although he gave the Bulgars their finest church, was a Serb, an alien enemy. It is a pity that such things have to be. In folk-songs, at any rate, there is not always such Chauvinism; one of the Bulgarian folk-songs which recounts an exploit of Milutin and a fellow potentate is full of gentle laughter at Milutin. And let us hope that the Bulgars, under the sway of their beautiful folk-songs rather than under Ferdinand and his adherents, will come to live in amity with all the Serbs.

GENERAL SMUTS.

A crayon drawing by Clive Gardiner rom. W. L. Courtney s "Pillars of Empire," which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing.

ASIA MINOR.

By WALTER A. HAWLEY. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The simple title of Mr. Hawley's volume, suggestive, perhaps, of little more than a dull geographical record, does scant justice by way of introduction to what is really an attractive and even fascinating volume of personal experiences and gathered lore. The mere words Asia Minor convey probably little more than a vague impression of a somewhat bare bit of the map somewhere between Constantinople and Egypt. Yet this tract of country, the most westerly portion of Turkey-in-Asia, not only has a story rich in classic lore—are not the site of Troy and Mount Olympus to be found where it is divided from Europe by the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora?—but it is rich also in association with the early history of Christianity, and with the conquests of Tamerlane. The interest, however, is not merely that of "association"; it has ancient ruins galore, some of which have been patiently excavated, throwing light on the long past culture of the ancient Hittites, and of the Greek colonists. Furthermore, "it is a country which on account of its vast forests, undeveloped mineral wealth, grain-producing plains and fertile valleys, is capable under proper conditions of a great development." Mr. Hawley, in his deeply interesting volume, deals with all these aspects of the land in which he has travelled with an alert mind and a seeing eye, and is able to accompany his record with a large number of admirable photographs. Altogether his book will rank as one of the most valuable and variedly interesting of the travel books of recent years.

Photo Vandyk

From **The Business of War,** By Isaac F. Marcosson (*John Lane*).

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS, K.C.B., QUARTERMASTER GENERAL TO THE FORCES, 1918.

PIONEERS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

By DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

Dr. Rappoport's book should do much to clear away many misconceptions that fog the minds of those anxious to acquire a full knowledge of the situation in Russia. He traces the history of the Revolutionary Movement during the last fifty years, giving vivid sketches of the men and women who have fought and suffered in the cause of Liberty, and showing the many factors which led up to the world-shaking transformation of last year. Much space is devoted to an interesting comparison between the Russian Revolution of 1917 and the French Revolution of 1789, demonstrating the evolution of classes, and pointing out that whereas the French upheaval was a revolt of the bourgeois class against the aristocracy, in Russia at the present moment the fight is between the proletariat, or working class, and the capitalist. Dr. Rappoport writes with broad-minded toleration, endeavouring to give the standpoints of the various organisations in Russia and explaining their reasons for differing in their efforts to construct a new system on the ruins of the old which they have destroyed in unity. It is a helpful and valuable book and will contribute its share towards establishing a better understanding between the Russian and English peoples.

THE LITTLE GOD.

By KATHARINE HOWARD. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

This is a pleasing little book of "child verse for grown-ups," and expresses a child's thoughts and feelings in a quaint and easy manner. The author appears to be governed by no rules in her verse writing; sometimes she puts in a little metre and rhyme, and sometimes she does not, but employs blank verse. She chooses whichever way happens to fit in the more naturally. The book opens with "The Little God," which is a good example of the rest of the contents:

"Mother says there's a little god
Lives in my garden.
I asked her—'In the tree?'—
I asked her—'In the fountain?'
And she said, yes, that she,
Plain as plain could be,
Everywhere could see
The little god.

MISS MARY HENDERSON,
Whose volume of poems, "In War and Peace" (Erskine Macdonald), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

'What's he look like, mother?'
'Oh,' she said, 'like the flowers,
Like the summer showers,
Like the morning dew—
Like you.'—
She says he's everywhere
In my garden—I can't see him there."

There is a charming frontispiece in colour by Miss Margaret Tarrant.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ANDREW MELVILL.

Translated from the French by TORICK AMEER-ALI. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Sir Andrew Melvill was a Scottish soldier of fortune who, forced by the loss of his patrimony and by the failure of King Charles's cause to go abroad, served as a mercenary in France, in Poland, in Hungary, and in Germany from 1647 to 1679, when he was made Governor of Gifhorn by the Duke of Celle. Despite the fact that he had fought at Worcester, he was never successful in gaining any reward for his services from King Charles II.; though he came to England in 1667 and again in 1680, and was graciously received and pleasantly spoken to by his Sovereign. He died in 1706, having brought out at Amsterdam "Memoires

From a portrait by C. Percival Small, Esq.

CAPTAIN H. G. GILLILAND,
Author of "My German Prisons" (Hodder & Stoughton).

de Monsieur Le Chevalier de Melvill" a couple of years previously. Read without notes and without some account of the military state of Europe in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, these "Memoirs of Sir Andrew Melvill" would often be a little puzzling; but provided as they are by the translator, Mr. Torick Ameer-Ali, with an account of the century's wars and with extracts from contemporary memoirs, they make very good and piquant reading at times, more particularly as many of the battle-fields mentioned are being again fought over by the armies

MR. TORICK AMEER-ALI,
Translator of "The Memoirs of Sir Andrew Melvill" (John Lane).

XUM

From The Kaiser I Knew,
By Arthur N. Davis, D.D.S.
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

DR. DAVIS'S OFFICE IN BERLIN, TO WHICH THE KAISER USED TO COME.

of the Allies. General Sir Ian Hamilton furnishes a very racy foreword to the volume; though, we confess, we cannot understand why he should have gone out of his way to depreciate that admirable war novel, "Le Feu." Sir Ian knows something about war. If he finds Henri Barbusse's work "lop-sided," why does he not write a romance of the battlefield himself?

THE GIRL FROM KURDISTAN.

By JESSIE DOUGLAS KERRUISH. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Naturally it is with great expectations that one opens this second novel by an author whose former book won the first prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's 1,000-guineas Novel Competition. And these great expectations are fully realised. "The Girl from Kurdistan" is a worthy successor to "Miss Haroun Al-Raschid." The same masterly style and unusual setting distinguish the second story as they did the first. This story has a Persian setting, and the quaint customs and ideas of the natives form a striking contrast to the European element which plays a principal part in the tale. The book has a thrilling prologue in which a murderer takes sanctuary in the shadow of the Cannon of Pearls. "This is a piece of ordnance captured from the Portuguese by Shah Abbass the Great. Under its original owners it took life; now it saves life, for in touch or shade of it no wrongdoer need tremble, be he petty thief or the slayer of a king. In a sentence, the Pearly Gun is *Bast*, and *Bast* means sanctuary." While the murderer crouches in the shadow of the Gun, the brother of the victim sits down, knife in hand, immediately without the bounds of sanctuary—waiting for vengeance. It is a vividly told prologue, full of "atmosphere" which puts one in the proper mood for the absorbing story that follows.

MY LIFE AS A NATURALIST.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

As the writer of a large number of books on birds, beasts and flowers, nature study and the "open air" generally, Mr. Westell must have made innumerable friends among readers of kindred tastes, and such readers will assuredly extend a ready welcome to this result of his excursion into the realm of autobiography. The story of his life as a naturalist is bright, discursive, informative, and has the pleasant friendly qualities which make such a work an engaging companion to those who share the author's enthusiasm for loving study of the aspects of nature. Mr. Westell's enthusiasm for wild life came to him, he tells us, both by inheritance and environment; he appears, indeed, to have been born a field naturalist, and thus in the very prime of life is able to give reminiscences of nature study extending over a goodly range of years—and summing up those years is able to say: "My own life has been one continuous round of knowledge-seeking and unalloyed delight." The author tells us that he is of the same family which gave Richard Westall to art more than a century ago, though it is not precisely complimentary to that great-uncle of his to record that "Westall is said to have achieved in art what Thomas Haynes Bayley did in poetry." He tells us, further, that besides artists, notable cricketers and other open-air folks were among his immediate ancestry, and he gives pleasant impressions of his native county of Hertfordshire. Whether telling of his natural history holidays around the British coast, of his observations of bird and beast in their native haunts, or the finding of rare flowers, whether describing his past exploits as piscator, or describing his own study or garden, he is always bright, genial and readable.

A MINSTREL IN FRANCE.

By HARRY LAUDER. Illustrated with portraits. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Most of our celebrities win only the admiration of the crowd; not many are happy enough to win both its admiration and its affection, and Harry Lauder is one of the few. He is going out to France again to entertain the men of the American Army, and you have but to read this genial record of his former visit there to realise how welcome he will be. He writes with the frank simplicity of one who feels that he has an understanding and sympathetic audience, and you are allowed to share the natural pride and pleasure that he felt when great crowds, hearing of his coming, turned out to greet him on his arrival; or when, in some shell-shattered corner of France, he arrived unannounced and made ready to sing to a group of war-worn soldiers and some grimy Tommy in the crowd recognised him and yelled delightedly, "Why, it's old Harry Lauder," and perhaps begged for the song he last heard him sing when he was at home. There is an intensely human note in the humour

From The Kaiser I Knew,
By Arthur N. Davis, D.D.S.
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

DR. DAVIS'S RESIDENCE.
The office was on the first floor, the windows face on the Tiergarten.

as well as in the pathos of the book. The most poignant things in the narrative touch upon the brief career of Mr. Lauder's only son and the gallant death he died, and what his death meant to those who loved him. But the sad and tragic side of things is not unduly stressed. "A Minstrel in France" is in many moods; it is an amusing book, an interesting book, but more than all, a book that should give comfort and courage to those who have had to echo the cry of David over the body of Absolom.

PRIVATE PEAT.

By HAROLD R. PEAT. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

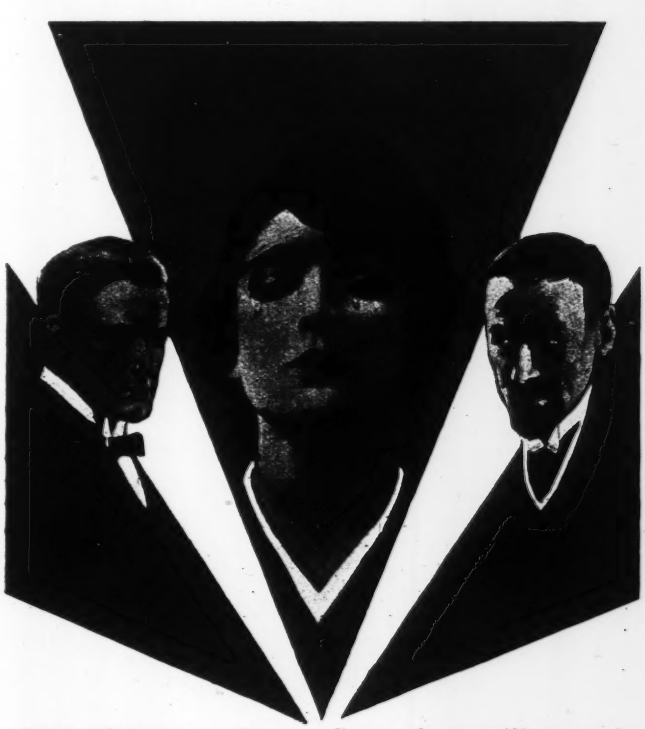
If ever we get to the inwardness of propaganda in the best sense—spontaneous, instant, and effectual—it will turn out to include some such book as this. It is his modesty that prompts our Canadian trooper friend to dub himself private, for as he shows at the first, his commission was duly signed and sealed before the wound arrived which laid him by and sent him back to Canada, home, and beauty. The epilogue is provided by the last of these happy destinations, in the shape of a chapter by his wife, and thus a book is pleasantly rounded off which begins with all sorts of gay prepossessions and is too sincere to justify them always. But throughout the sombre chronicles of Ypres and Neuve Chapelle, where the horrors and the heroism still leave room for vivid description and are not exhausted yet, there is usually a gleam of sunshine somewhere in these pages, either temperamental or anecdotal, or both. One might very well challenge a search through all the individual chronicles of the war for a better and more convincing account of memorable experiences than the chapter "Out of it" which relates the wounding and rescue of the author at Ypres with an explosive bullet through the chest. He pays a meed of praise to the Boche for his steady charging by mass formation into walls of rifle and machine-gun fire and showers of shell; and he shows how the gallantry and forethought of a comrade saved his life—an unknown comrade who refused to leave his name and then went to death a moment after. But the pearl of his praise is saved for the devotion of the hospital nurses and staff. "Don't be foolish enough to die," he says, "while you are lying out; because you can't die once they find you." And the simplicity of this is characteristic of a book which is written straight from the shoulder and straight from the heart. The same is to be said of the practical chapters which conclude it, chapters of advice on refuting enemy lies, about obedience in the field and about the sending of gifts to the men in the trenches. It is all the voice of experience pithily expressed.

From a photograph by Moffett, Chicago

R. Hugh Knyvett

From **Over There!**
By Capt. R. Hugh Knyvett
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

CAPT. R. HUGH KNYVETT, 15TH AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY.



ARTHUR GORING. **ROSALINE FANE.** **CHARLES WARRINGTON.**
From **The Duchess Grace,**
By Marie Connor Leighton
(*Ward, Lock*).

THE DUCHESS GRACE.

By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Certainly when Sir Lionel Goring was murdered on his Thames houseboat, the circumstantial evidence was such as pointed pretty conclusively to the crime having been committed by a certain beautiful—though, of course, innocent—young lady. That same young lady is tried, found guilty and sentenced to life-long imprisonment. Mrs. Leighton's story is concerned with showing how it was that Rosaline was the victim of the most abominable machinations, how her lover remained loyal, and at length achieved her freedom, and the clearing of her from the stigma of crime. It is, perhaps, a weak point in the story that Arthur Goring lets three months elapse before revisiting the houseboat in search of further "clues," and that, having found such clues, he does not immediately place them in the hands of the police. The descriptions which the author gives of life in a female convict prison are grimly realistic.

XUM